DANDY COMICS NO. 7

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ALL PAGES IN FULL COLOR 10¢

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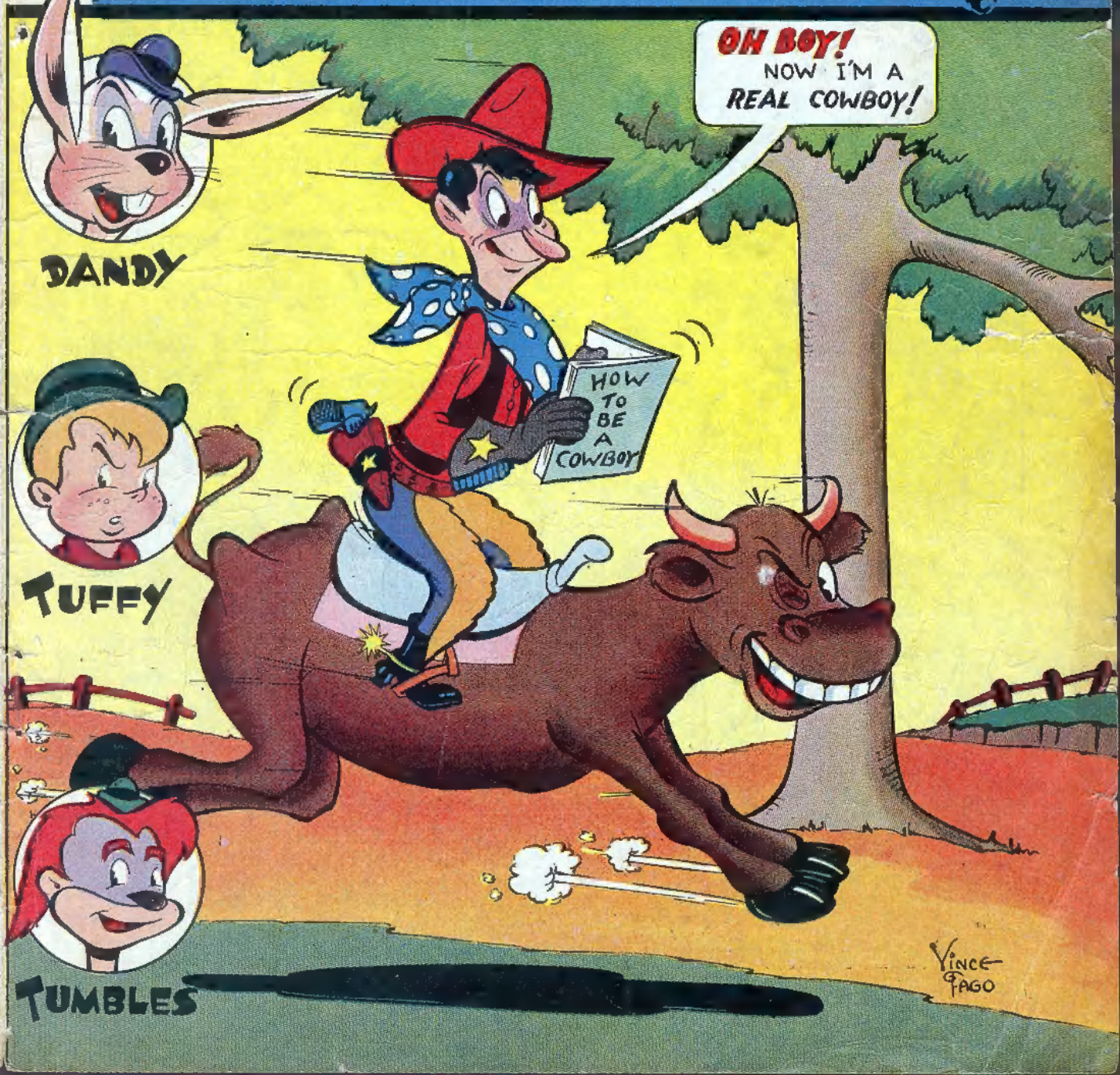

FOLLOW THE THRILLING AND EXCITING ADVENTURES OF *MOON GIRL* AND *THE PRINCE*...

IN THIS AMAZING NEW MAGAZINE DESTINED TO MAKE COMIC HISTORY!

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

Dandy Comics, Spring, 1948—Vol. 1 No. 7. Published Quarterly by I. C. Publishing Co., Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter February 3, 1947, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. One year subscription in the U. S. 40c plus 10c for packing and mailing—total 50c—elsewhere $1.00. Entire contents copyrighted 1948 by I. C. Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U.S.A.

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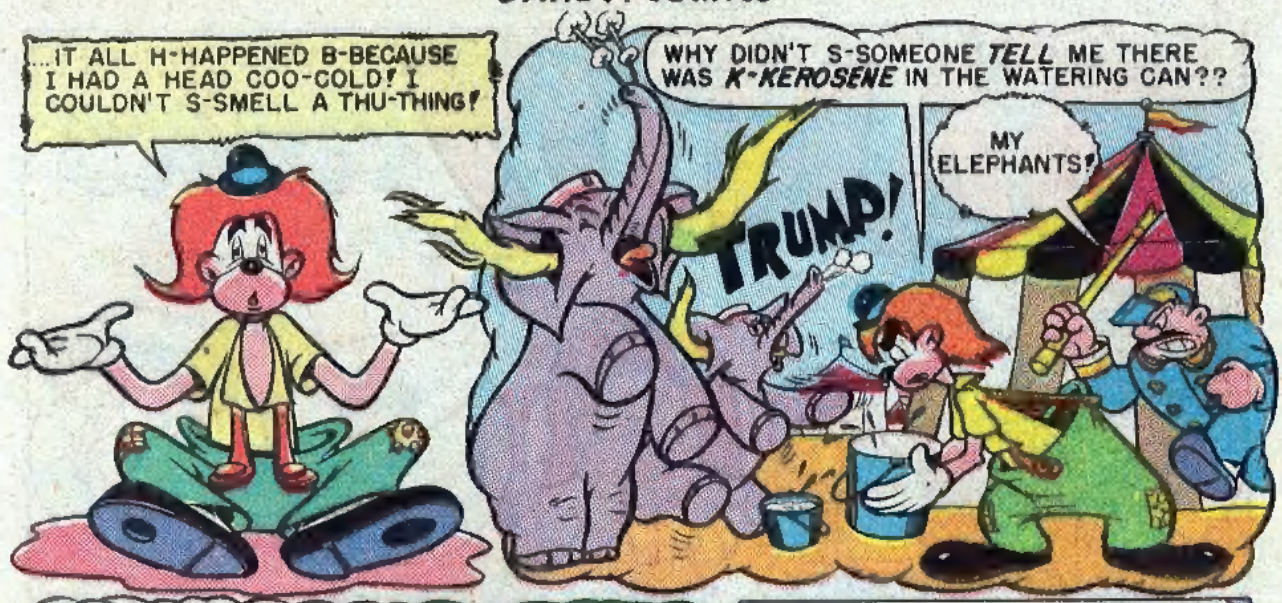
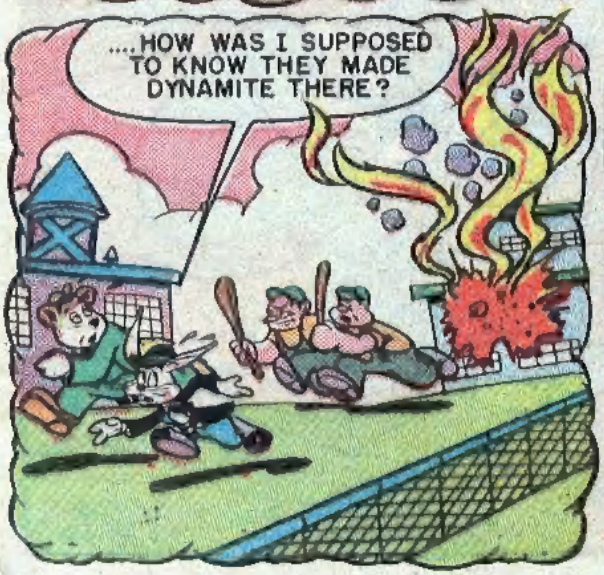
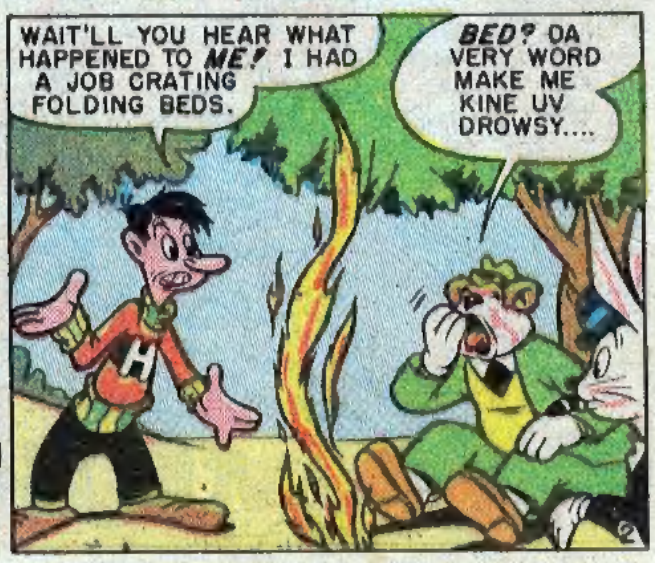
DANDY COMICS
PRESENTS
HANDY ANDY
TUFFY and CLARENCE
TUMBLES
DANDY
DIMMY
•IN•
THE ADVENTURES OF THE SECRET SIX!
FELLOWS, WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS. WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT OUR TROUBLES!
I'D L-LIKE TO DROWN MU-MY TROUBLES! ONLY THING IS.... HE'S B-BIGGER THAN I AM!
AH SUHTAINLY FEELS LOWER DAN A LI'L OL' SNAKE'S BELT BUCKLE!
"THE PLOT"
VINCE SAGO


...IT ALL H-HAPPENED B-BECAUSE I HAD A HEAD COO-COLD! I COULDN'T S-SMELL A THU-THING!
WHY DIDN'T S-SOMEONE TELL ME THERE WAS K-KEROSENE IN THE WATERING CAN??
MY ELEPHANTS!
TRUMP!

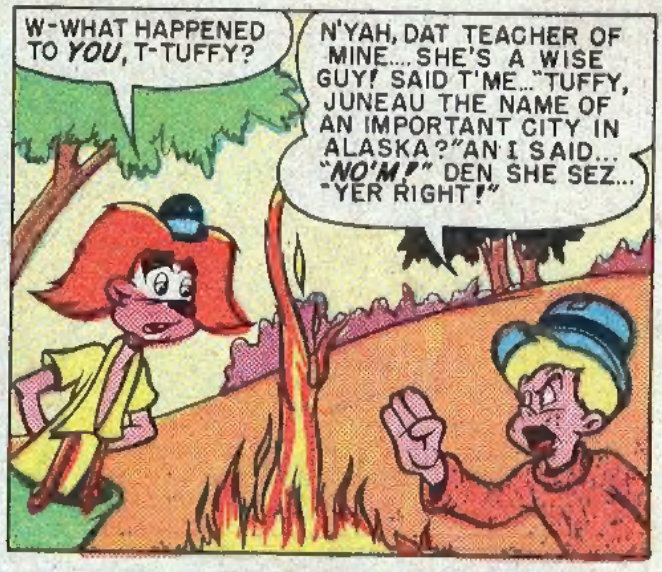
... AND STAY AWAY!

THEY CHASED ME OUT OF TOWN BECAUSE I WAS A LIVE-WIRE WORKER! I GUARANTEED TO PUT SPARK AND FIRE INTO MY WORK AT THE FACTORY!

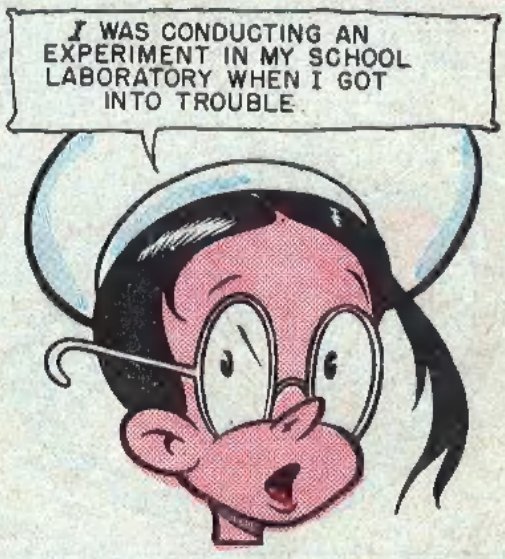

....HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW THEY MADE DYNAMITE THERE?


WAIT'LL YOU HEAR WHAT HAPPENED TO ME! I HAD A JOB CRATING FOLDING BEDS.
BED? DA VERY WORD MAKE ME KINE UV DROWSY....

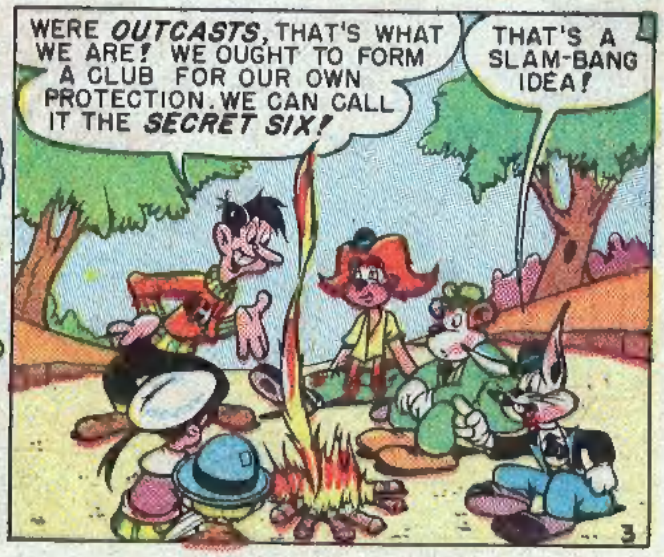
"ONE DAY I GOT ABSENT-MINDED AND CRATED UP THE FOREMAN WHILE HE WAS TESTING A FOLDING BED."
LEMME OUT! A CURSE ON YER HEAD! LEMME OUT!
OH, MY GOODNESS!


W-WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, T-TUFFY?
N'YAH, DAT TEACHER OF MINE... SHE'S A WISE GUY! SAID T'ME... "TUFFY, JUNEAU THE NAME OF AN IMPORTANT CITY IN ALASKA?" AN I SAID... "NO'M!" DEN SHE SEZ... "YER RIGHT!"

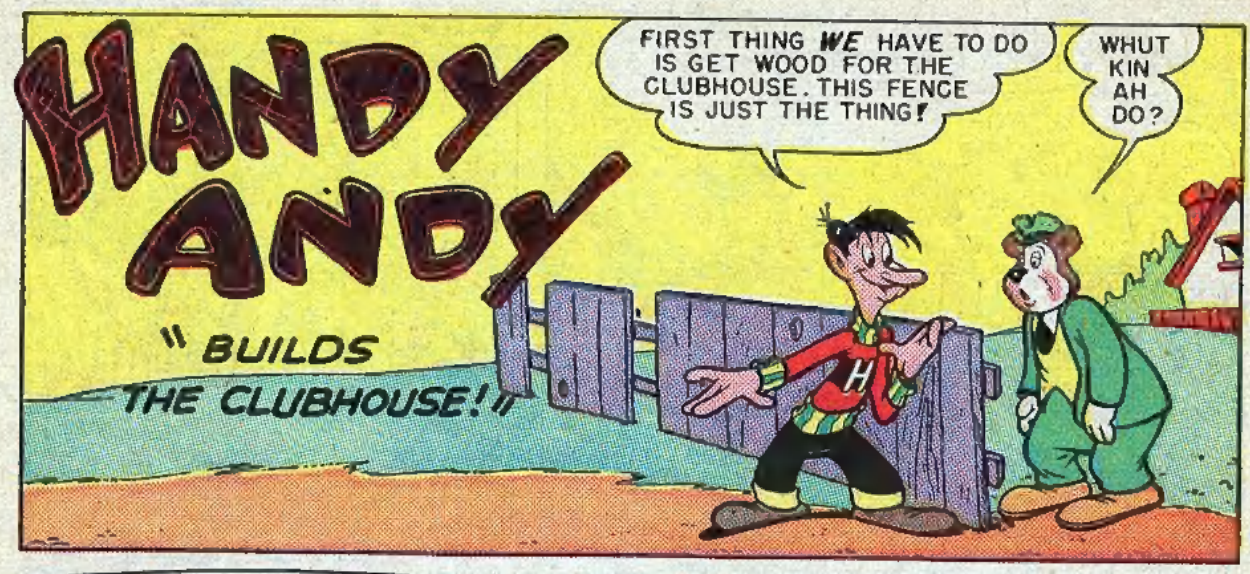
BUT NOME IS AN IMPORTANT CITY IN ALASKA!
THEY GOT A CITY NAMED NO'M? WHADYA KNOW!


I WAS CONDUCTING AN EXPERIMENT IN MY SCHOOL LABORATORY WHEN I GOT INTO TROUBLE

"I SUSPECT I CONDUCTED IT WRONG!"
BOOM!

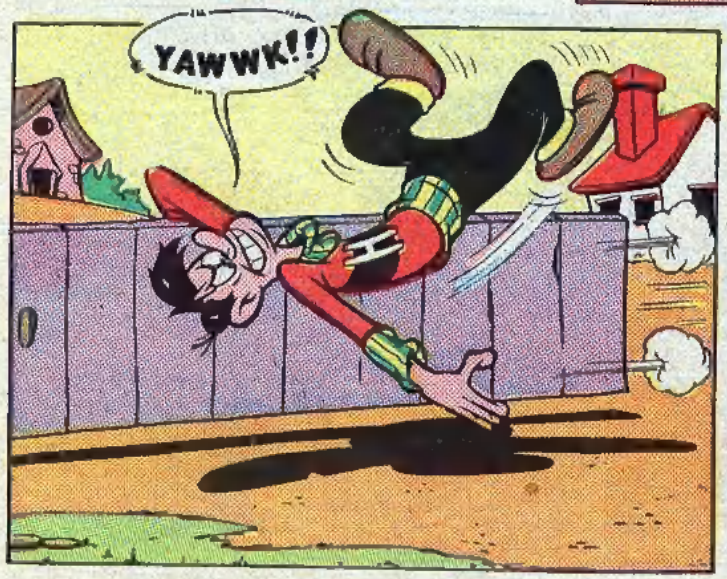

WERE OUTCASTS, THAT'S WHAT WE ARE! WE OUGHT TO FORM A CLUB FOR OUR OWN PROTECTION. WE CAN CALL IT THE SECRET SIX!
THAT'S A SLAM-BANG IDEA!

I'M A REAL HANDY GUY... I'LL BUILD US A CLUBHOUSE!
I'M DANDY WHEN IT COMES TO BIG-TIME IDEAS! I'LL RAISE THE DOUGH FOR A SUPER-DOOPER PARTY!
EVERYONE KNOWS THAT I'M A GENIUS... NOW I'LL HAVE A PLACE TO CONDUCT MY EXPERIMENTS!
WHUT 'BOUT ME? AH'M DIMMY... AN' EVERBODY KNOWS AH'M KINDA... ER... AH... STOOPID!
YOU LADS CAN FIX THE PLACE UP WITH ELECTRICITY...
WE'LL RIG IT UP IN A FLASH!
EVERYONE KNOWS THAT TU-TUMBLES, THE CU-CLOWN CAN DIG UP THE IMPOSSIBLE! I'LL FU-FIND A S-STOVE TO KOO-KEEP US W-WARM!
DEN WE CAN COOK HAM-HOCKS ON DAT DERE STOVE! YUMMY!
AH SHO NUFF FEEL LAK A HAM-HOCK AT DISH MOMENT!
'SFUNNY... YOU LOOK MORE LIKE A CUCUMBER!
OKAY, LADS.... LET'S GET A MOVE ON! WE WANT TO FIX THAT CLUBHOUSE SO THE SECRET SIX WILL HAVE A PLACE TO STAY!
COME ON, DIMMY! YOU CAN HELP ME!
YASSUH! AH'S COMIN'!

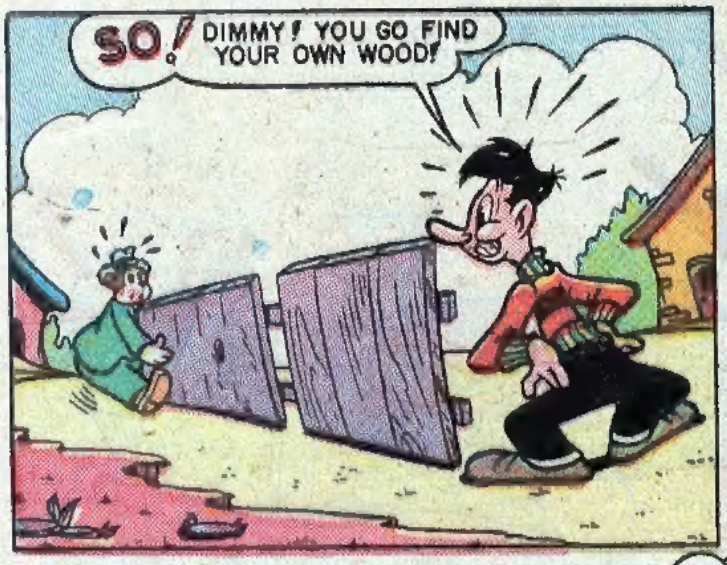

HANDY ANDY
" BUILDS THE CLUBHOUSE!"
FIRST THING WE HAVE TO DO IS GET WOOD FOR THE CLUBHOUSE. THIS FENCE IS JUST THE THING!
WHUT KIN AH DO?

YUH KIN GO GIT OU....SHUCKS, YOU GOT ME TALKING LIKE YOU. GO FIND SOME WOOD!
YASSUH!

BOY, I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET STARTED! OUR OWN CLUBHOUSE.... WOW!

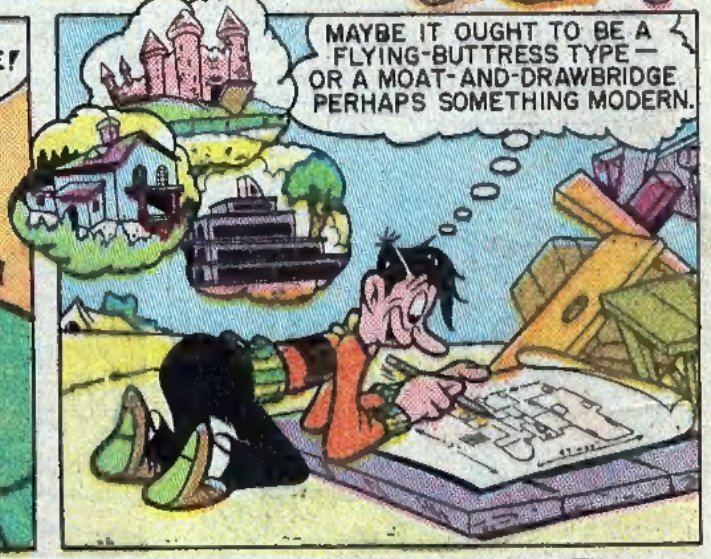

YAWWK!!

CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! FENCE GOT MIGHTY HEAVY ALL OF A SUDDEN! PANT, PUFF!


SO! DIMMY! YOU GO FIND YOUR OWN WOOD!

LATER.....
THERE! NOW WE HAVE SOMETHING TO WORK ON!
WHUT AH GONNA DO?

TAKE THIS KNIFE AND WHITTLE A NICE DOORKNOB. WE HAVE TO HAVE A DOORKNOB TO GET INTO THE CLUBHOUSE.
DAT SOUN' REASONABLE! YASSUH.


MAYBE IT OUGHT TO BE A FLYING-BUTTRESS TYPE — OR A MOAT-AND-DRAWBRIDGE PERHAPS SOMETHING MODERN.

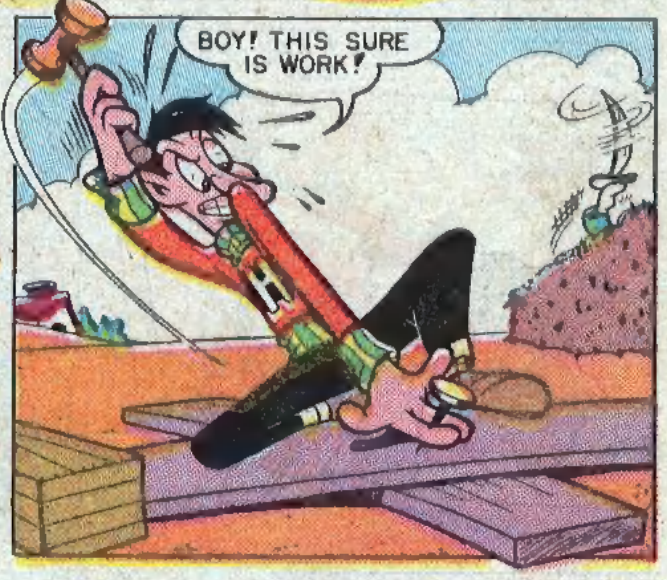
OH, I WON'T BOTHER WITH A BLUE PRINT. THEY CONFUSE ME, ANYHOW!

HMMM! SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE!
AH MAKE DISH DOORKNOB REAL PURTY!

YO' LAK DISH DOORKNOB, ANDY?
WHAT? OH, YES! LET'S SEE IT.

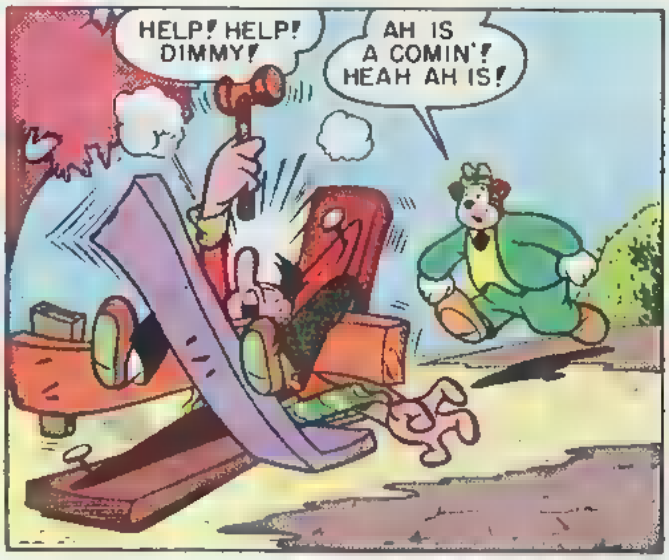
NO, NO! WHO EVER HEARD OF AN EIGHT-SIDED DOORKNOB?!!
NOBODY, HUH? =SNIFF=

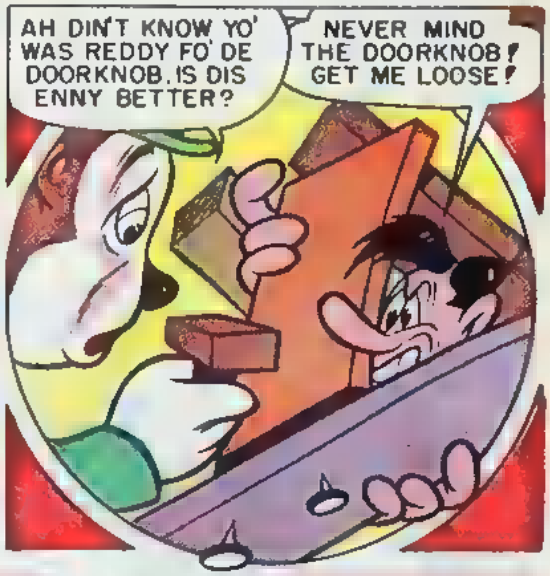
THAT'S ALL WRONG! NOW TRY TO MAKE IT GOOD, WILL YA? I'M COUNTING ON YOU.
YASSUH. AH KNOCKS MAHSELF OUT, IFF'N IT HELP!

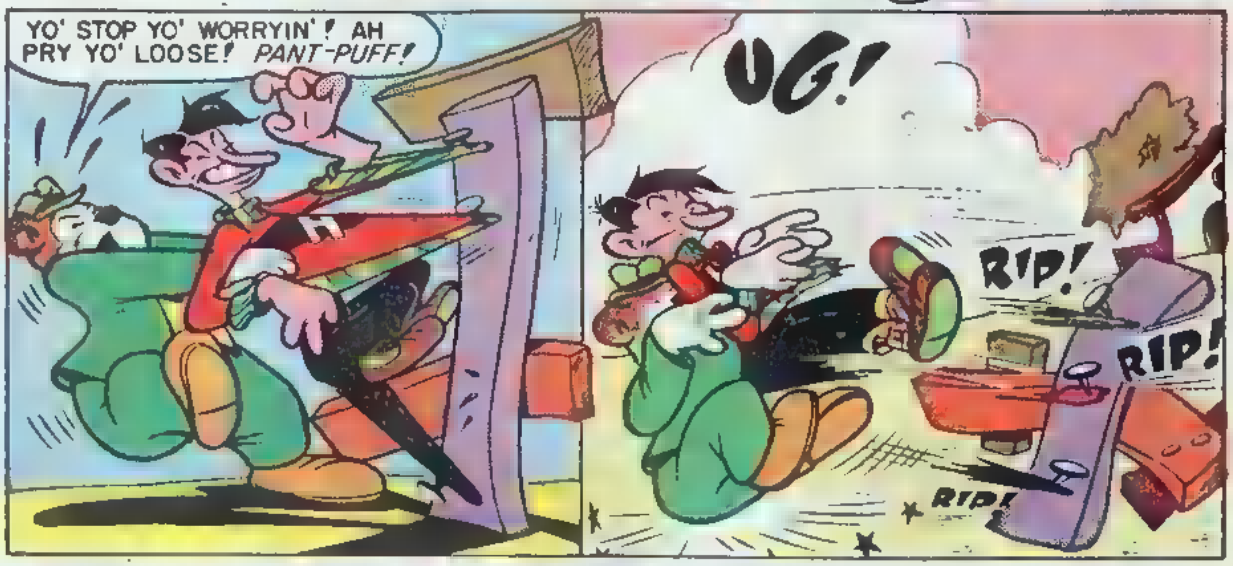

BOY! THIS SURE IS WORK!

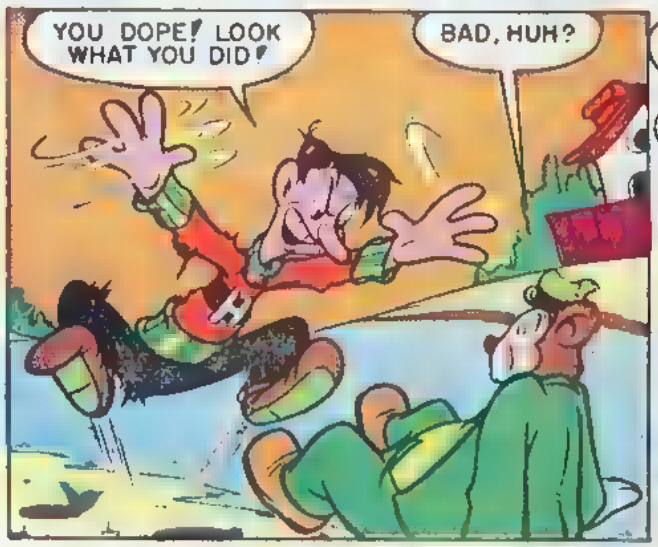
MY MUSCLES WILL BE PLENTY SORE TONIGHT, BUT WHO CARES? THE CLUBHOUSE MUST GO UP!

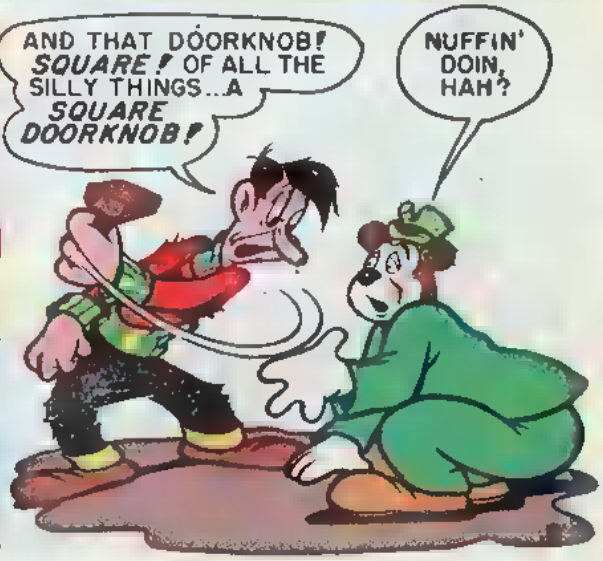
NOW I'LL GET UP AND TAKE A LOOK!—UHH? UHH-UHHH!
I'M STUCK!


HELP! HELP! DIMMY!
AH IS A COMIN'! HEAH AH IS!

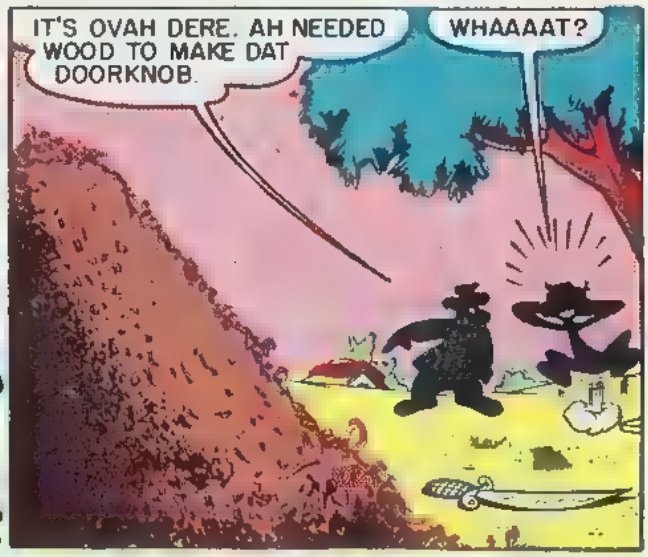

AH DIN'T KNOW YO' WAS REDDY FO' DE DOORKNOB. IS DIS ENNY BETTER?
NEVER MIND THE DOORKNOB! GET ME LOOSE!

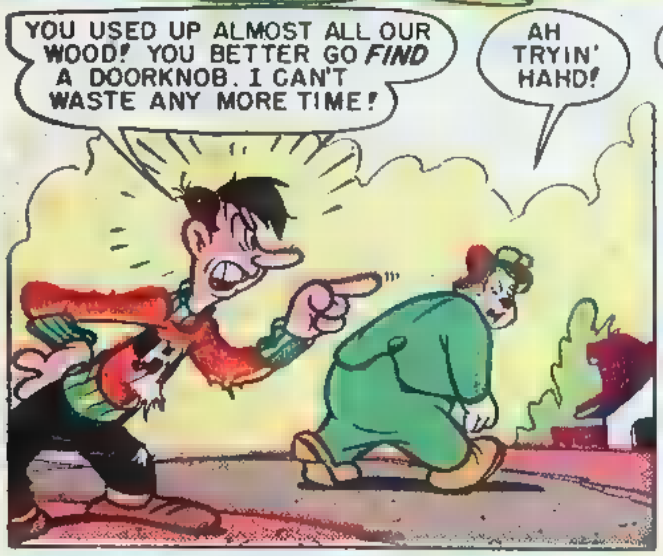

YO' STOP YO' WORRYIN'! AH PRY YO' LOOSE! PANT-PUFF!
UG!
RIP!
RIP!
RIP!

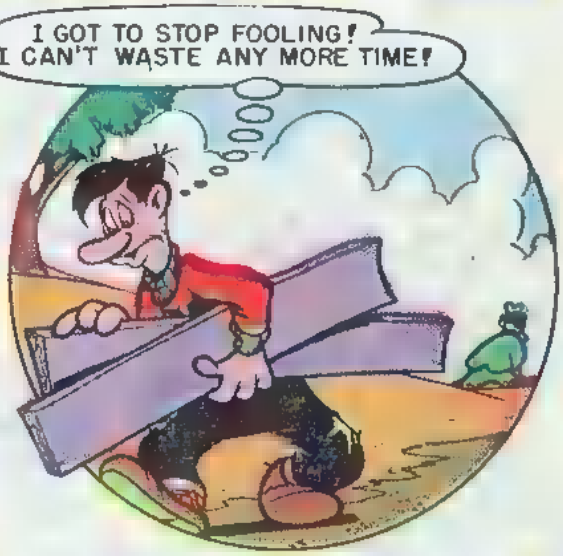

YOU DOPE! LOOK WHAT YOU DID!
BAD, HUH?

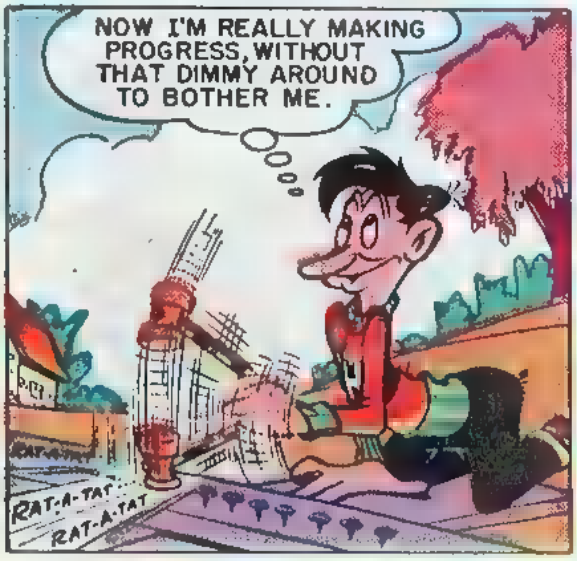

AND THAT DOORKNOB! SQUARE! OF ALL THE SILLY THINGS...A SQUARE DOORKNOB!
NUFFIN' DOIN, HAH?

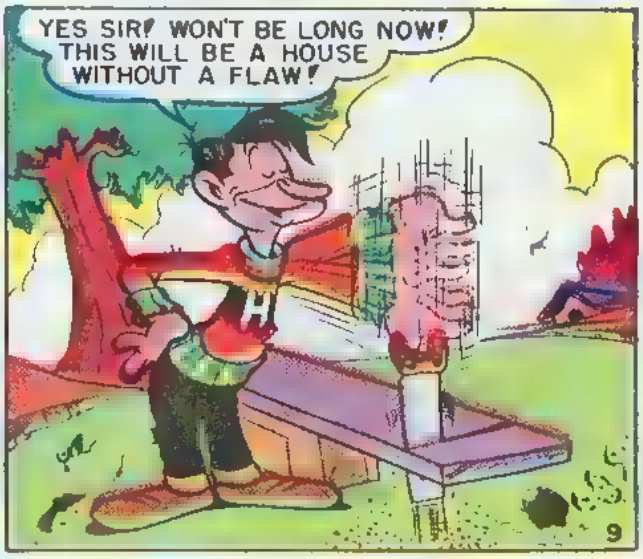
WAIT! WHERE'S ALL THE LUMBER WE FOUND?
LUMBER? WHAT LUMBER? ALL AH BRUNG WAS WOOD!

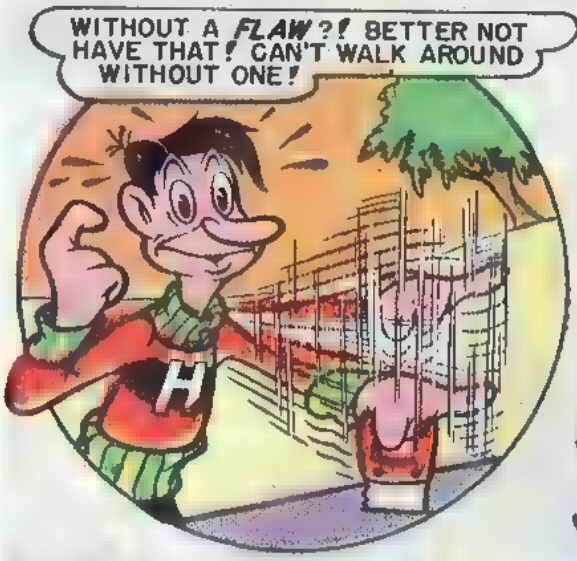

IT'S OVAH DERE. AH NEEDED WOOD TO MAKE DAT DOORKNOB.
WHAAAAT?

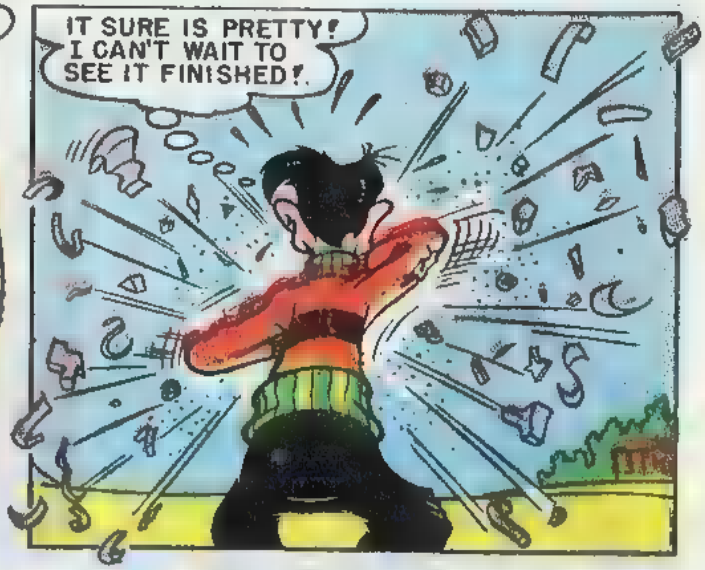

YOU USED UP ALMOST ALL OUR WOOD! YOU BETTER GO FIND A DOORKNOB. I CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME!
AH TRYIN' HARD!

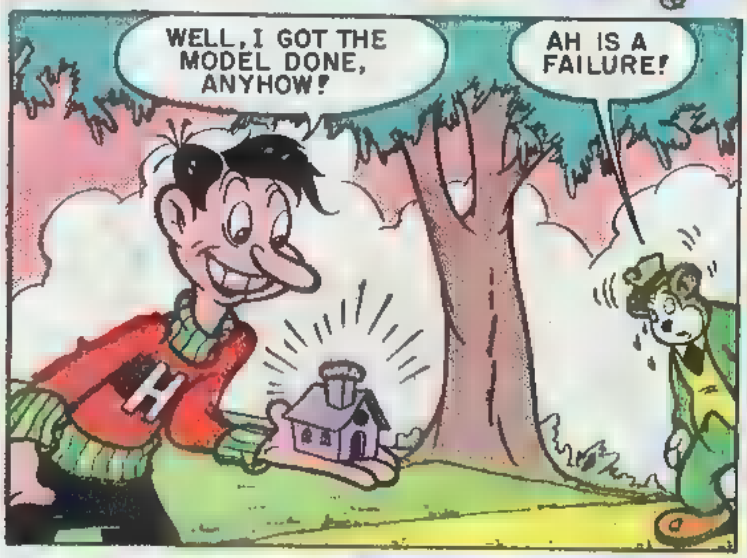

I GOT TO STOP FOOLING! I CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME!


NOW I'M REALLY MAKING PROGRESS, WITHOUT THAT DIMMY AROUND TO BOTHER ME.
RAT-A-TAT
RAT-A-TAT


YES SIR! WON'T BE LONG NOW! THIS WILL BE A HOUSE WITHOUT A FLAW!

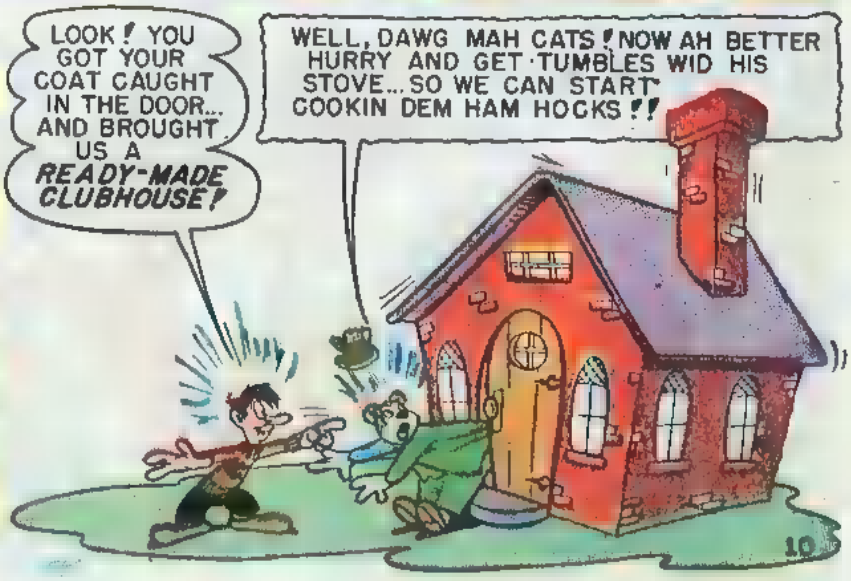

WITHOUT A *FLAW*?! BETTER NOT HAVE THAT! CAN'T WALK AROUND WITHOUT ONE!

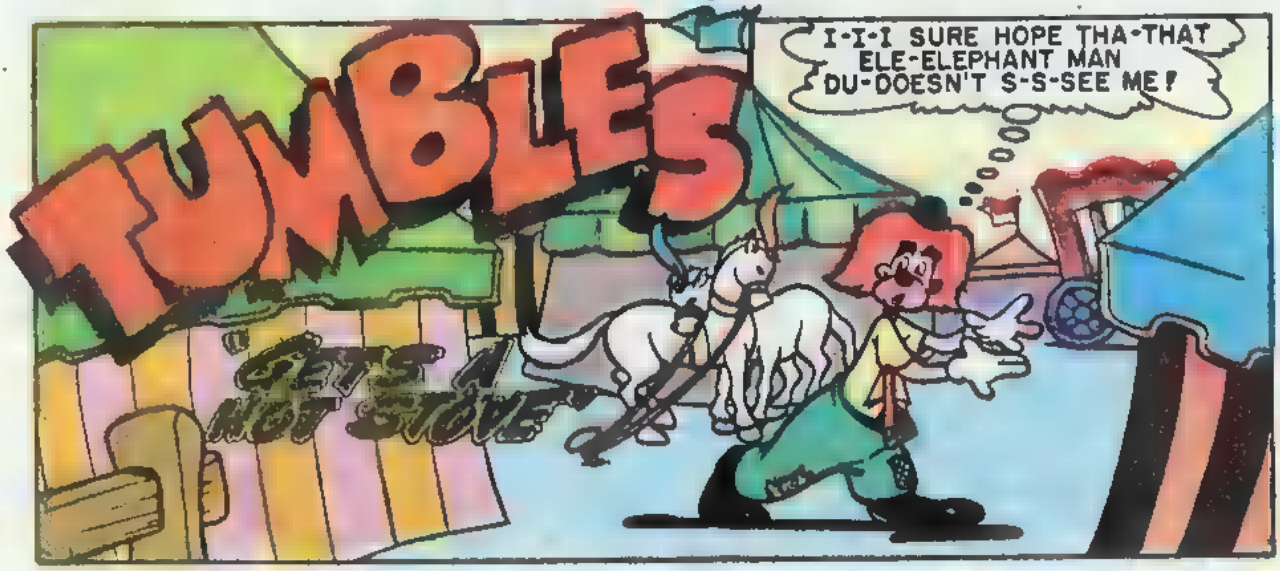

IT SURE IS PRETTY! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE IT FINISHED!


WELL, I GOT THE MODEL DONE, ANYHOW!
AH IS A FAILURE!

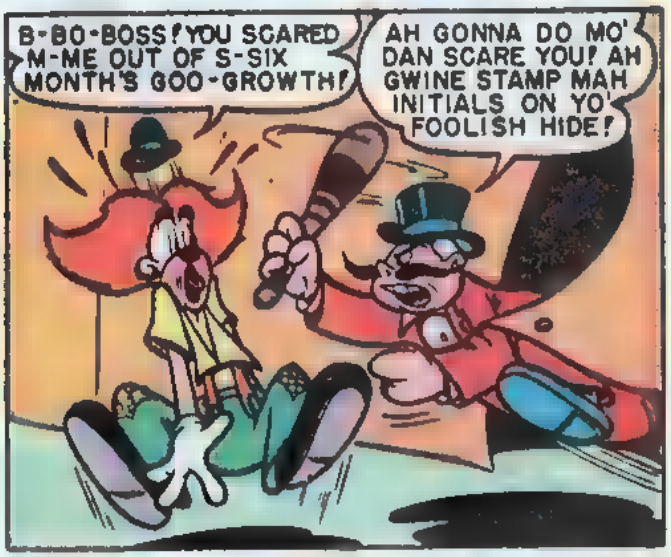
AH DIDN'T FIND NO DOORKNOB, NOBODY DONE LEMME IN. EVERBODY DONE NEED DERE OWN DOORKNOBS! MEBBE I BETTUH QUIT DUH CLUB!

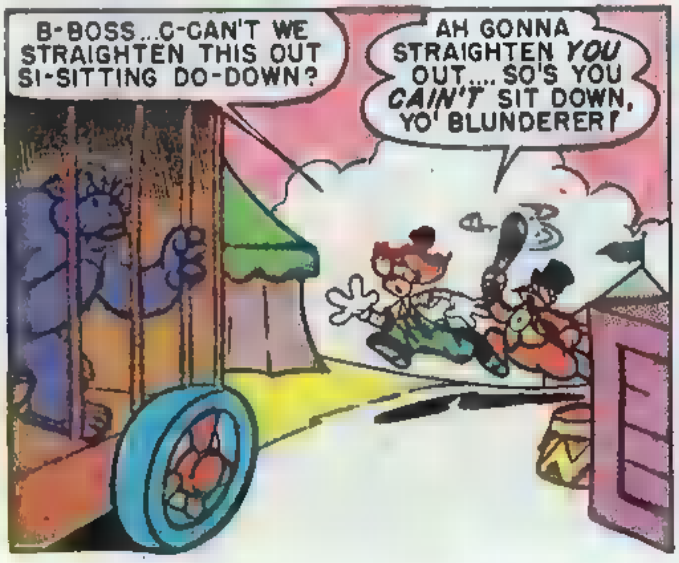
NO NEED OF THAT! YOU'VE DONE *FINE*, DIMMY!
AH *HAS*? YO' WOODEN TEASE LI'L OL DEJECTED ME, WOODJA?

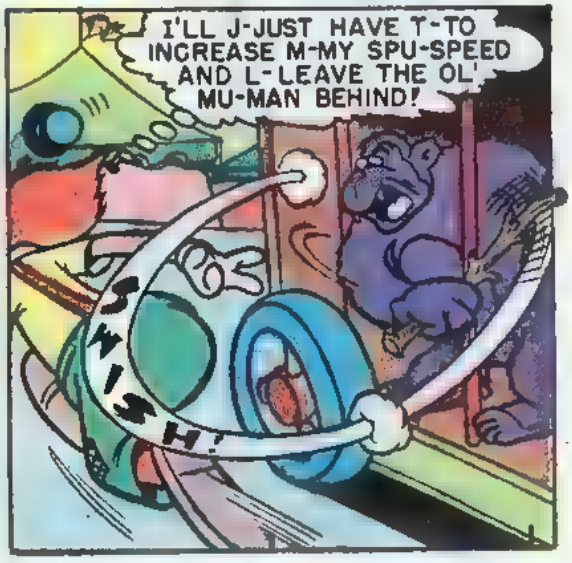

LOOK! YOU GOT YOUR COAT CAUGHT IN THE DOOR... AND BROUGHT US A *READY-MADE CLUBHOUSE!*
WELL, DAWG MAH CATS! NOW AH BETTER HURRY AND GET TUMBLES WID HIS STOVE... SO WE CAN START COOKIN DEM HAM HOCKS!!

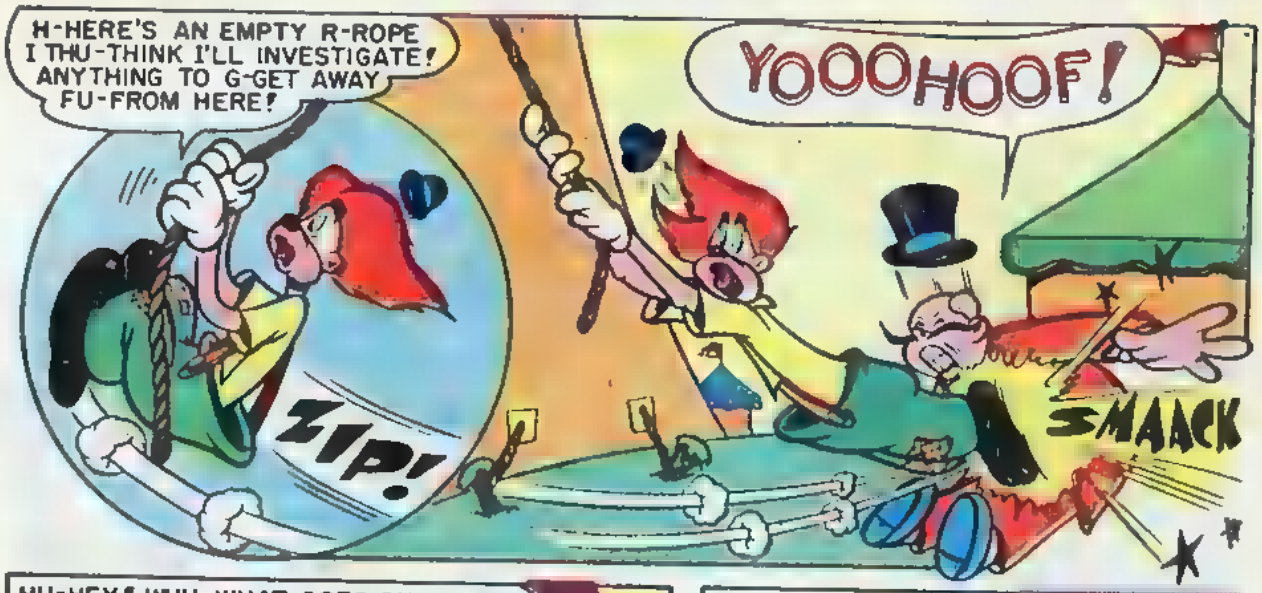

TUMBLES
GETS A HOT STOVE!
I-I-I SURE HOPE THA-THAT ELE-ELEPHANT MAN DU-DOESN'T S-S-SEE ME!

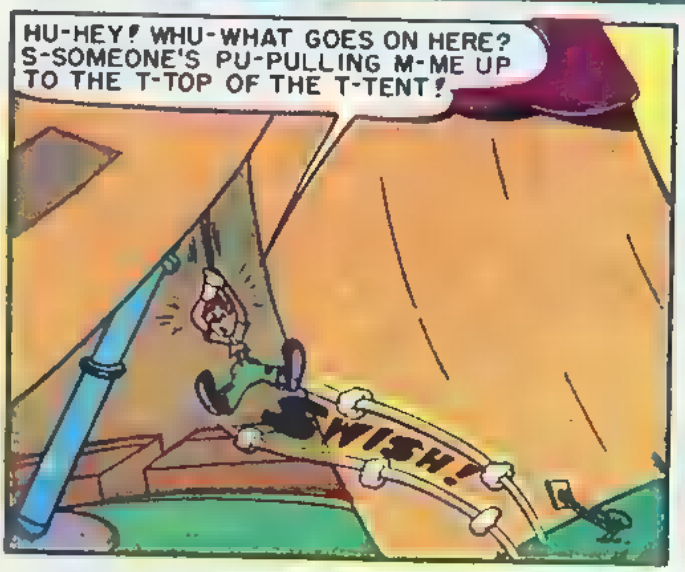
HE'S GOO-GONNA KILL ME IF HE DOES! I'D BU-BETTER MOSEY AROUND AND G-GET THAT STO-STOVE I PROMISED MIGHTY QUI-QUICK!

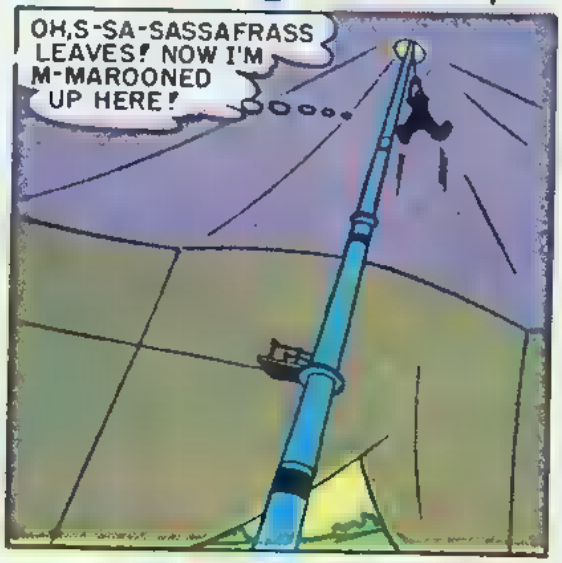

B-BO-BOSS! YOU SCARED M-ME OUT OF S-SIX MONTH'S GOO-GROWTH!
AH GONNA DO MO' DAN SCARE YOU! AH GWINE STAMP MAH INITIALS ON YO' FOOLISH HIDE!


B-BOSS...C-CAN'T WE STRAIGHTEN THIS OUT SI-SITTING DO-DOWN?
AH GONNA STRAIGHTEN *YOU* OUT.... SO'S YOU *CAIN'T* SIT DOWN, YO' BLUNDERER!


I'LL J-JUST HAVE T-TO INCREASE M-MY SPU-SPEED AND L-LEAVE THE OL' MU-MAN BEHIND!
SSWISH!

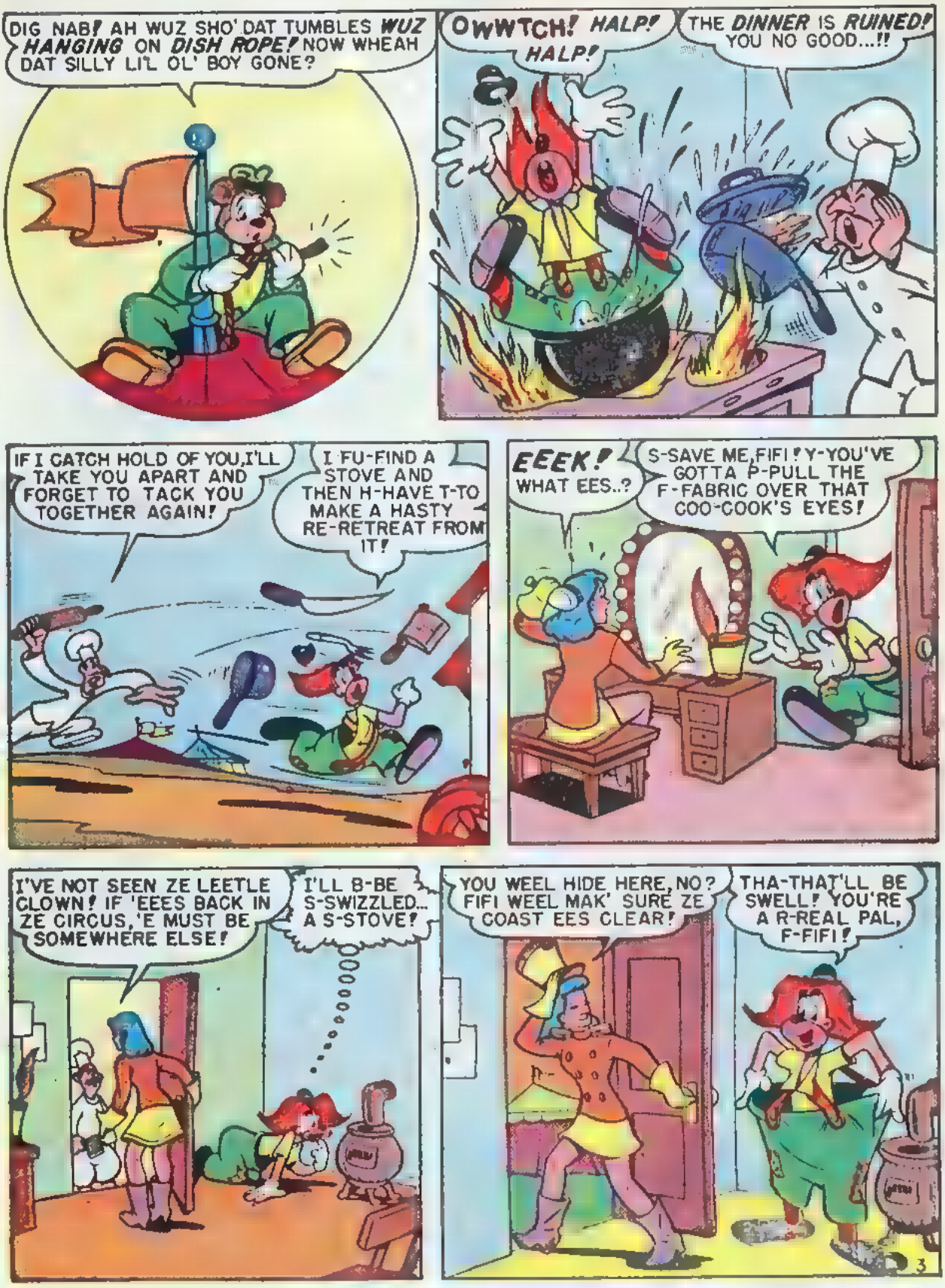

H-HERE'S AN EMPTY R-ROPE I THU-THINK I'LL INVESTIGATE! ANYTHING TO G-GET AWAY FU-FROM HERE!
ZIP!
YOOOHOOF!
SMAACK

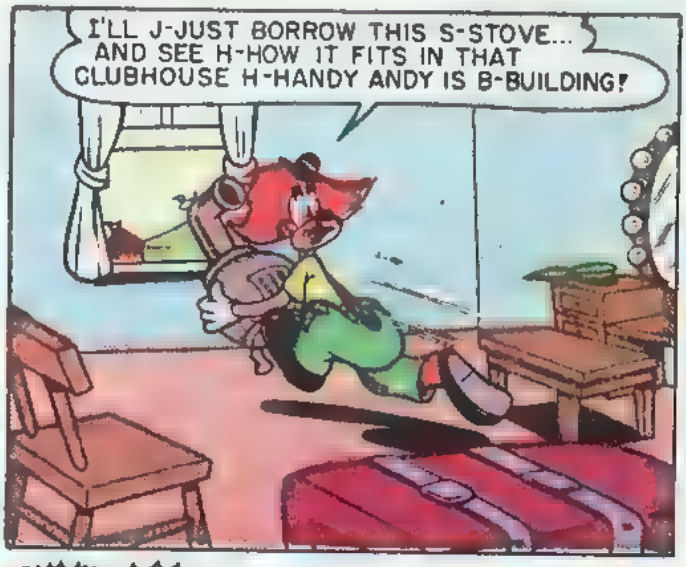

HU-HEY! WHU-WHAT GOES ON HERE? S-SOMEONE'S PU-PULLING M-ME UP TO THE T-TOP OF THE T-TENT!
SWISH!

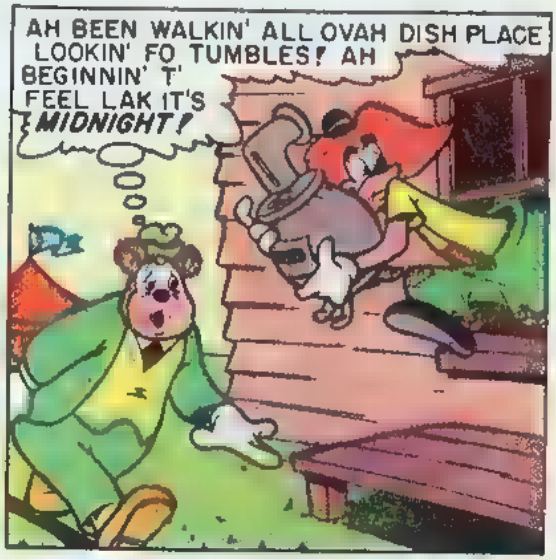

OH, S-SA-SASSAFRASS LEAVES! NOW I'M M-MAROONED UP HERE!

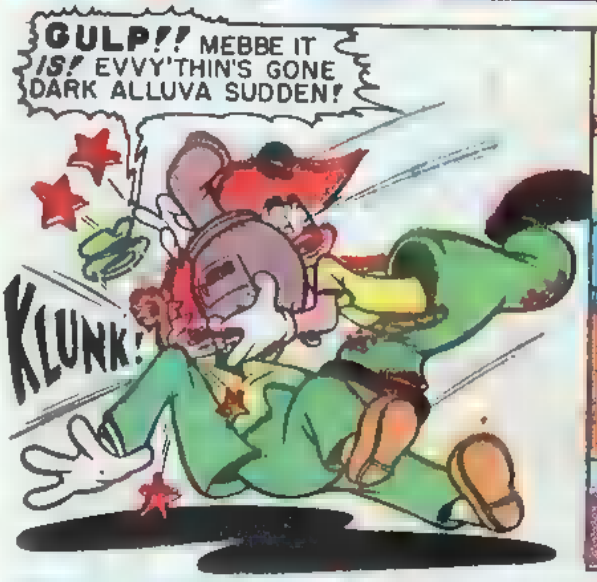
...AND I'M N-NOT GONNA BE HERE LONG EITHER, 'CAUSE I C-CAN'T HANG ON!

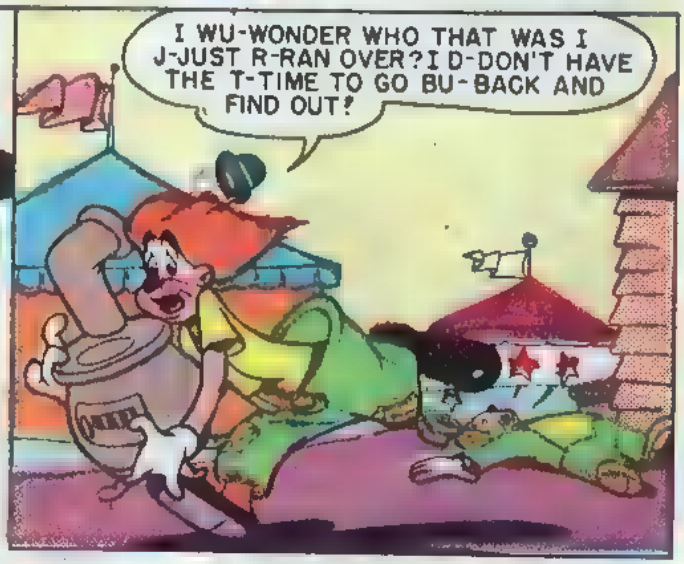
HOL' IT, TUMBLES! AH RESCUE YOU!
YEEOW

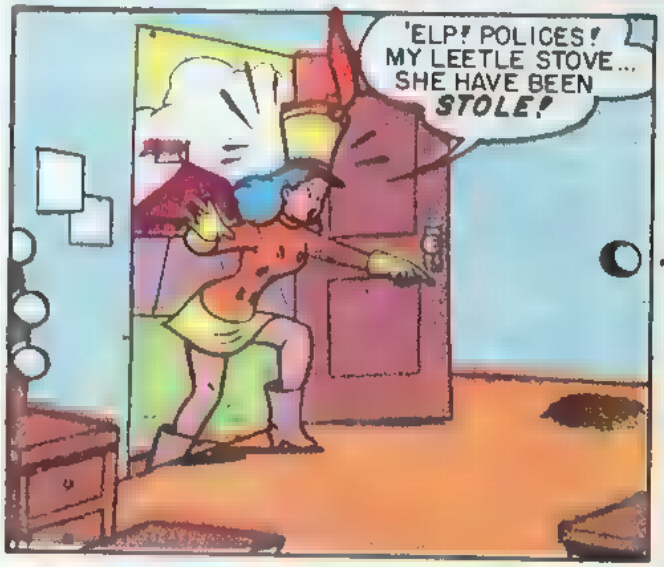

DIG NAB! AH WUZ SHO' DAT TUMBLES WUZ HANGING ON DISH ROPE! NOW WHEAH DAT SILLY LI'L OL' BOY GONE?
OWWTCH! HALP! HALP!
THE DINNER IS RUINED! YOU NO GOOD...!!
IF I CATCH HOLD OF YOU, I'LL TAKE YOU APART AND FORGET TO TACK YOU TOGETHER AGAIN!
I FU-FIND A STOVE AND THEN H-HAVE T-TO MAKE A HASTY RE-RETREAT FROM IT!
EEEK! WHAT EES..?
S-SAVE ME, FIFI! Y-YOU'VE GOTTA P-PULL THE F-FABRIC OVER THAT COO-COOK'S EYES!
I'VE NOT SEEN ZE LEETLE CLOWN! IF 'EEES BACK IN ZE CIRCUS, 'E MUST BE SOMEWHERE ELSE!
I'LL B-BE S-SWIZZLED... A S-STOVE!
YOU WEEL HIDE HERE, NO? FIFI WEEL MAK' SURE ZE COAST EES CLEAR!
THA-THAT'LL BE SWELL! YOU'RE A R-REAL PAL, F-FIFI!

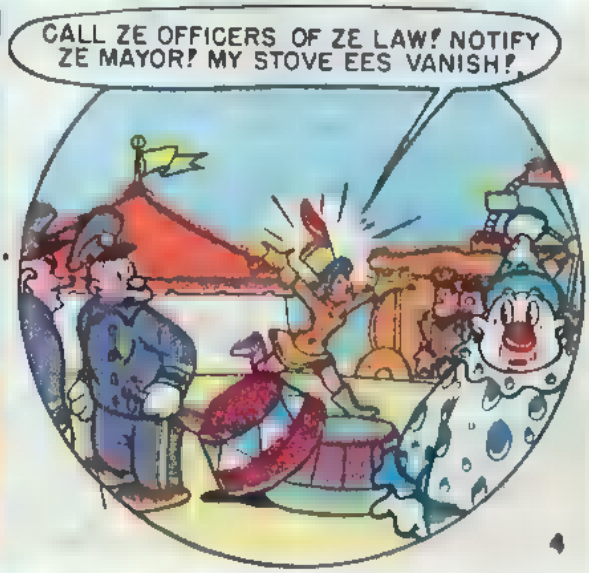

I'LL J-JUST BORROW THIS S-STOVE... AND SEE H-HOW IT FITS IN THAT CLUBHOUSE H-HANDY ANDY IS B-BUILDING!

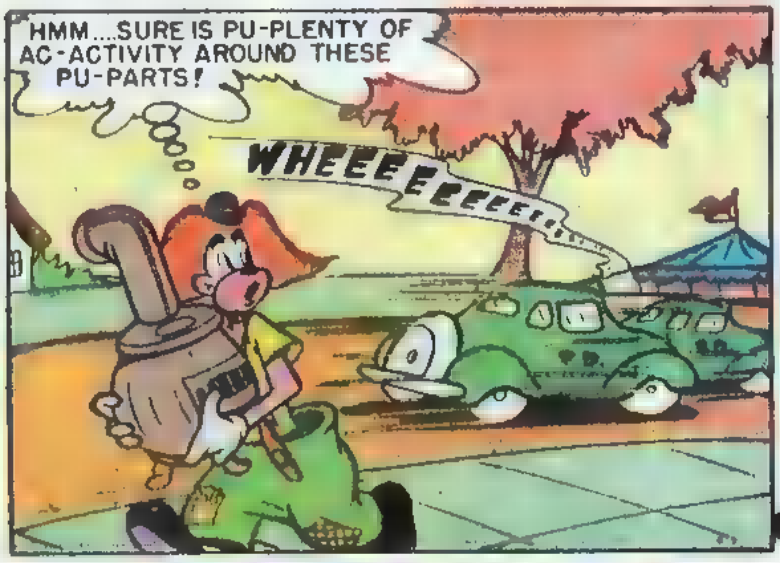

AH BEEN WALKIN' ALL OVAH DISH PLACE LOOKIN' FO TUMBLES! AH BEGINNIN' T' FEEL LAK IT'S MIDNIGHT!

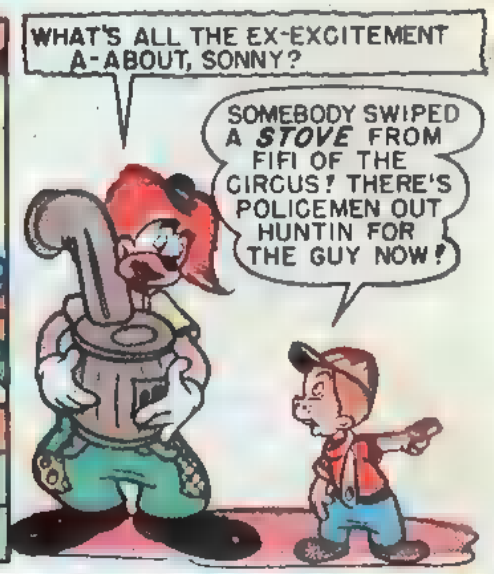

GULP!! MEBBE IT IS! EVVY'THIN'S GONE DARK ALLUVA SUDDEN!
KLUNK!

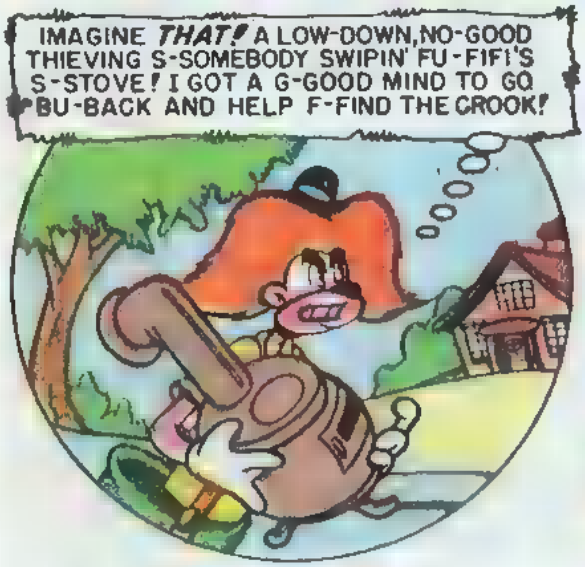

I WU-WONDER WHO THAT WAS I J-JUST R-RAN OVER? I D-DON'T HAVE THE T-TIME TO GO BU-BACK AND FIND OUT!

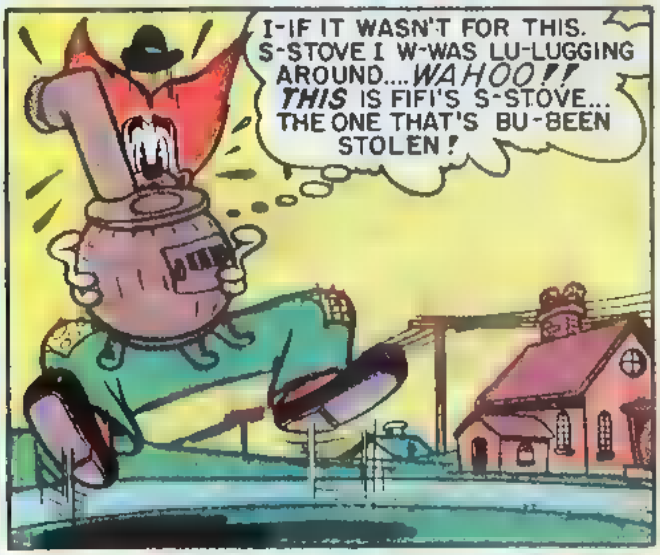

'ELP! POLICES! MY LEETLE STOVE... SHE HAVE BEEN STOLE!

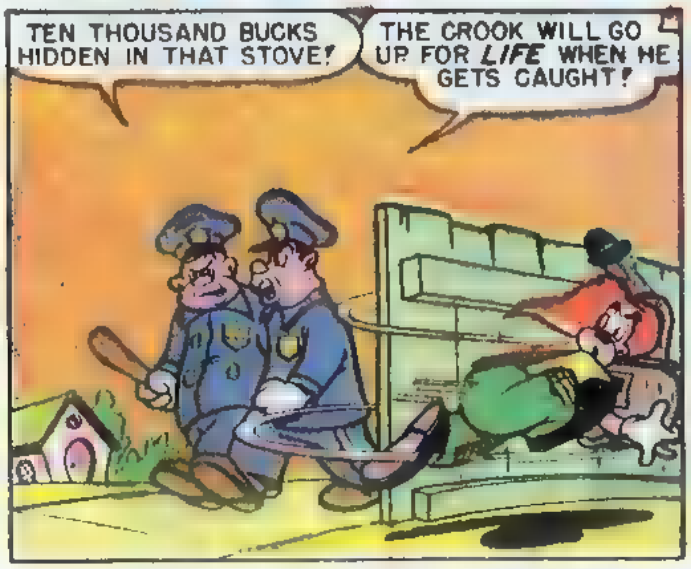

CALL ZE OFFICERS OF ZE LAW! NOTIFY ZE MAYOR! MY STOVE EES VANISH!


HMM....SURE IS PU-PLENTY OF AC-ACTIVITY AROUND THESE PU-PARTS!
WHEEEEEEEEEE


WHAT'S ALL THE EX-EXCITEMENT A-ABOUT, SONNY?
SOMEBODY SWIPED A *STOVE* FROM FIFI OF THE CIRCUS! THERE'S POLICEMEN OUT HUNTIN FOR THE GUY NOW!

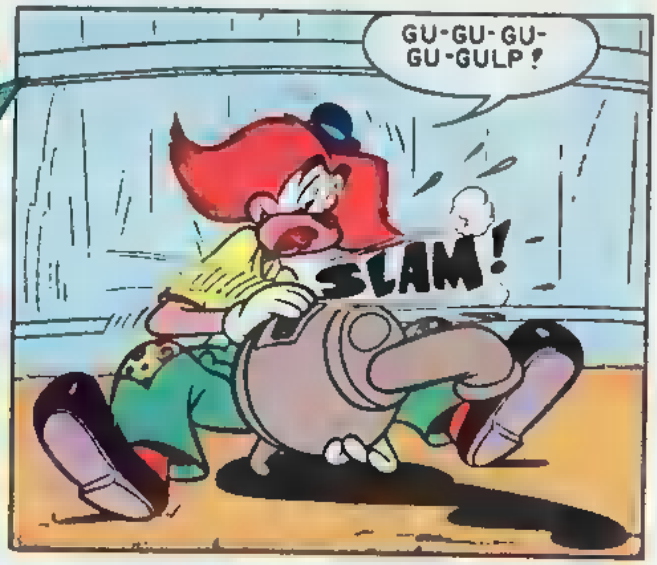

IMAGINE *THAT!* A LOW-DOWN, NO-GOOD THIEVING S-SOMEBODY SWIPIN' FU-FIFI'S S-STOVE! I GOT A G-GOOD MIND TO GO BU-BACK AND HELP F-FIND THE CROOK!

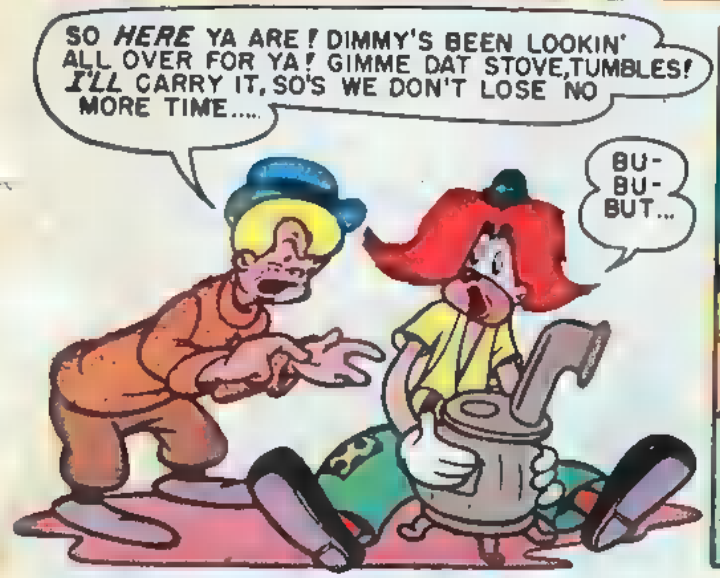

I-IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS. S-STOVE I W-WAS LU-LUGGING AROUND....*WAHOO!!* *THIS* IS FIFI'S S-STOVE... THE ONE THAT'S BU-BEEN STOLEN!

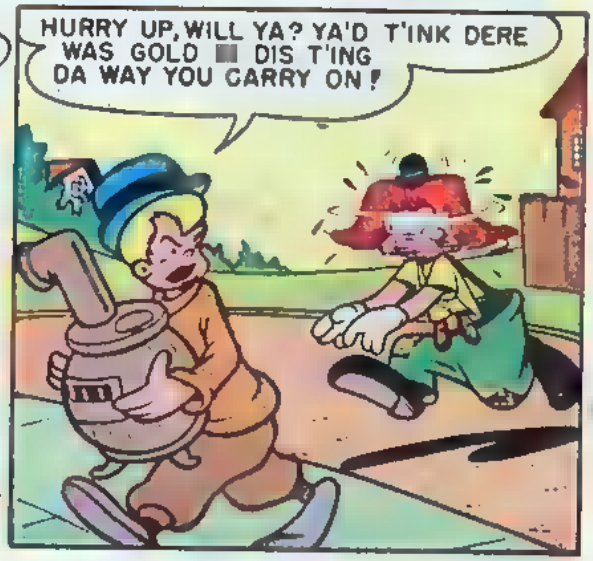

TEN THOUSAND BUCKS HIDDEN IN THAT STOVE!
THE CROOK WILL GO UP FOR *LIFE* WHEN HE GETS CAUGHT!

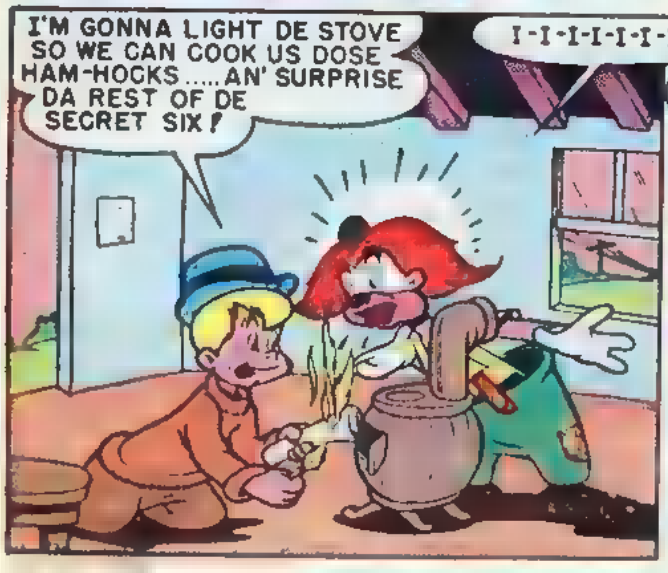
TEN THOU-THOUSAND DU-DOLLARS??

Y-YOW!

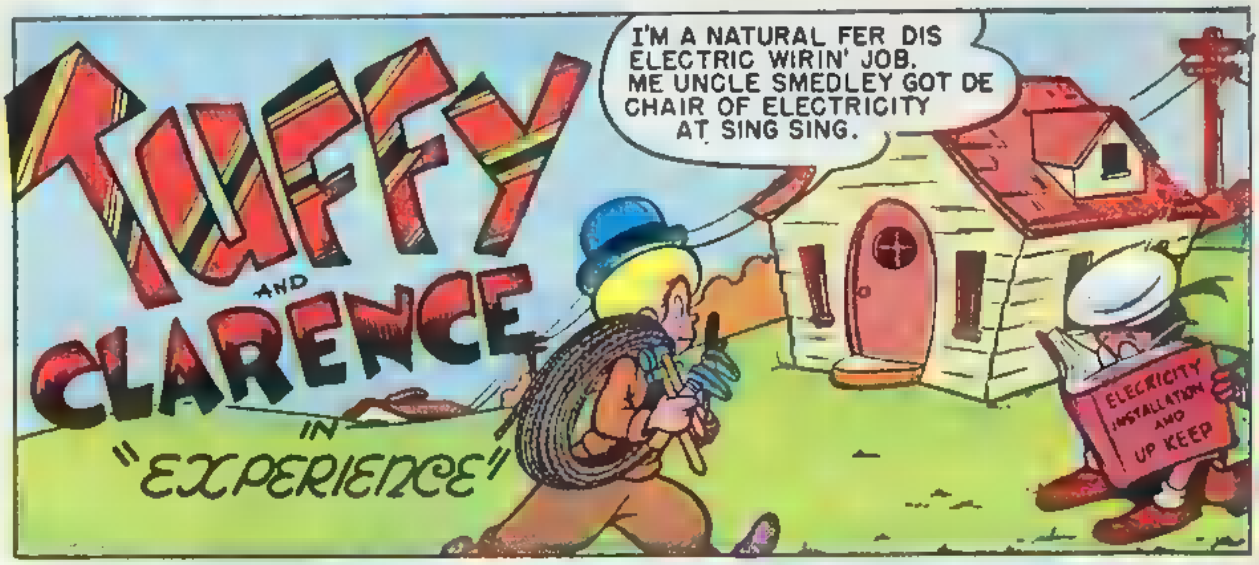

GU-GU-GU-GU-GULP!
SLAM!


SO *HERE* YA ARE! DIMMY'S BEEN LOOKIN' ALL OVER FOR YA! GIMME DAT STOVE, TUMBLES! *I'LL* CARRY IT, SO'S WE DON'T LOSE NO MORE TIME.....
BU-BU-BUT...

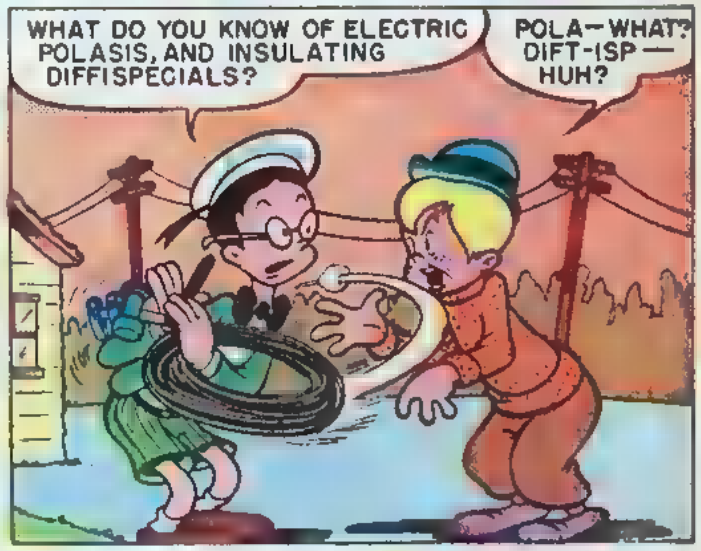

HURRY UP, WILL YA? YA'D T'INK DERE WAS GOLD DIS T'ING DA WAY YOU CARRY ON!

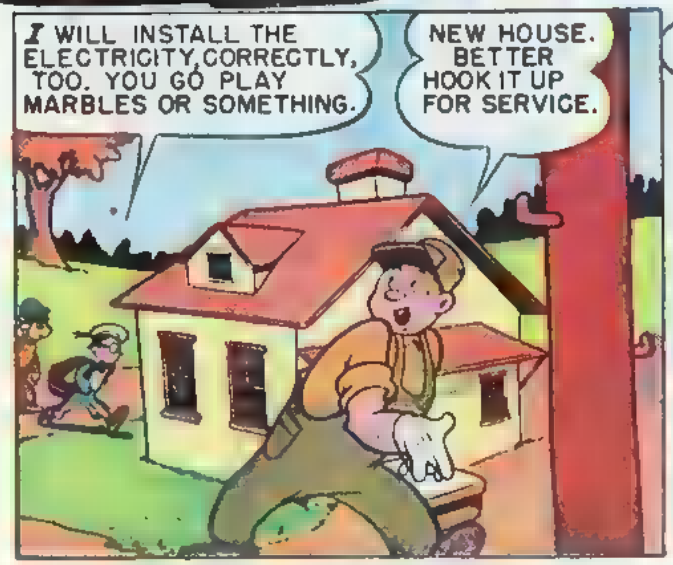

I'M GONNA LIGHT DE STOVE SO WE CAN COOK US DOSE HAM-HOCKS.....AN' SURPRISE DA REST OF DE SECRET SIX!

I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I
STOP YER SLOBBERIN'.... LOOK WOTCHA DONE! NOW YER PUT OUT DA TORCH!
SSSSSSSSSSSS

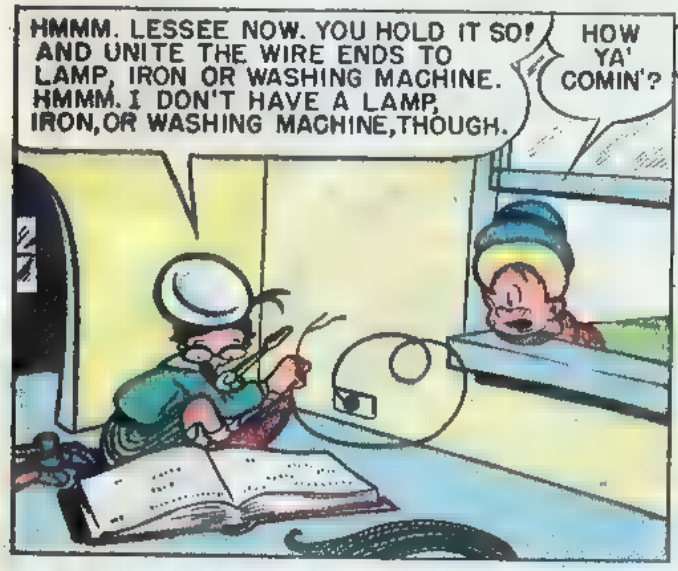

TUFFY AND CLARENCE IN "EXPERIENCE"
I'M A NATURAL FER DIS ELECTRIC WIRIN' JOB. ME UNCLE SMEDLEY GOT DE CHAIR OF ELECTRICITY AT SING SING.
ELECTRICITY INSTALLATION AND UP KEEP

HALT! DESIST! STOP! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
I'M GONNA FIT DAT CLUBHOUSE WID ELECTRICITY— DAT'S WHAT I'M GONNA DO! NOW GET OUTTA MY WAY!


WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF ELECTRIC POLASIS, AND INSULATING DIFFISPECIALS?
POLA—WHAT? DIFT-ISP— HUH?

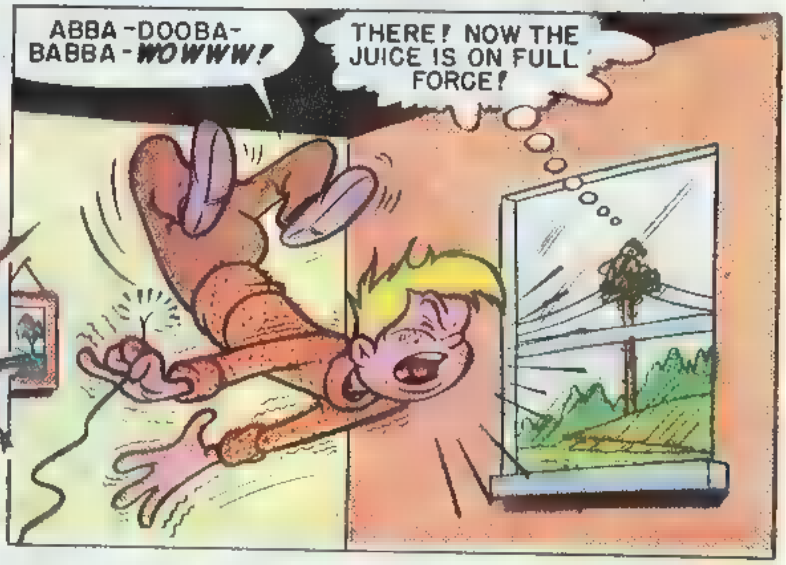

I WILL INSTALL THE ELECTRICITY, CORRECTLY, TOO. YOU GO PLAY MARBLES OR SOMETHING.
NEW HOUSE. BETTER HOOK IT UP FOR SERVICE.

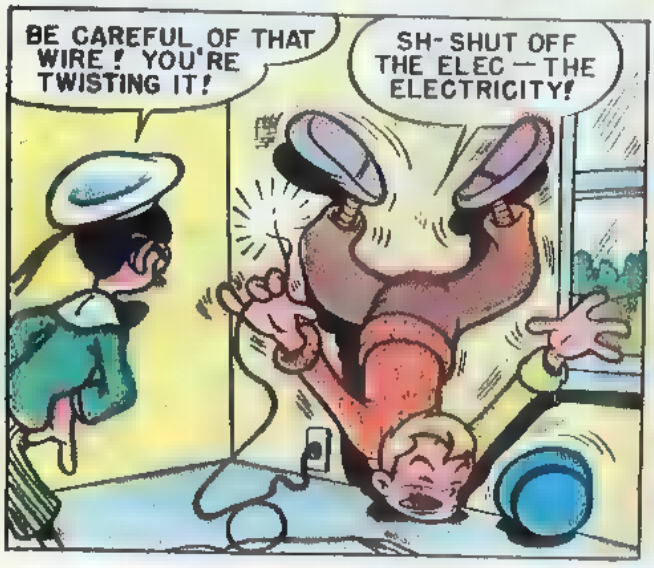
THIS WON'T TAKE LONG!
I'LL PEEK IN AND SEE HOW HE'S DOING!

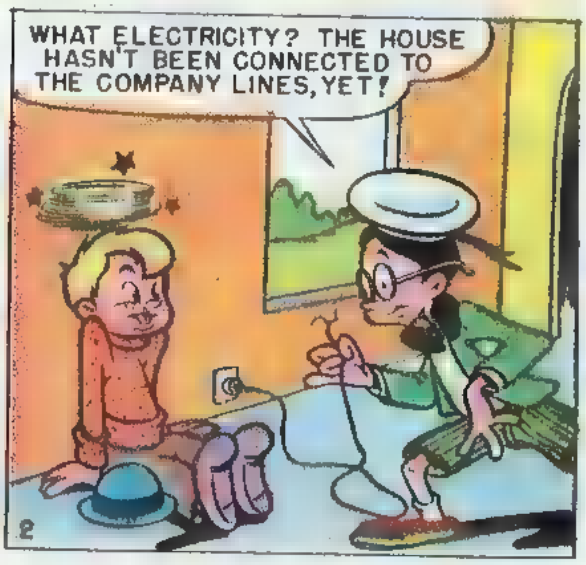

HMMM. LESSEE NOW. YOU HOLD IT SO! AND UNITE THE WIRE ENDS TO LAMP, IRON OR WASHING MACHINE. HMMM. I DON'T HAVE A LAMP, IRON, OR WASHING MACHINE, THOUGH.
HOW YA' COMIN'?

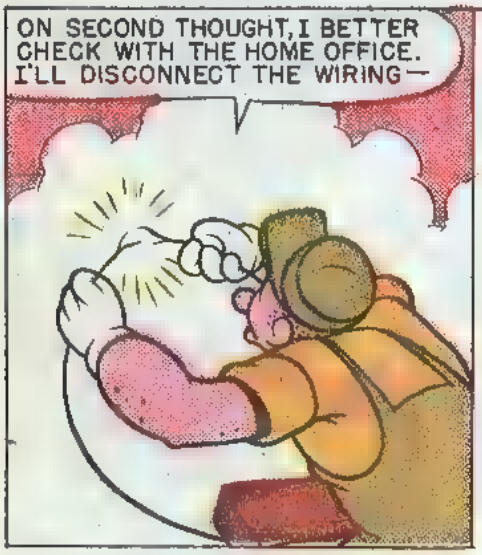
HOLD THIS A MOMENT! I WANT TO CHECK SOMETHING.
SURE T'ING! ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP YOU?

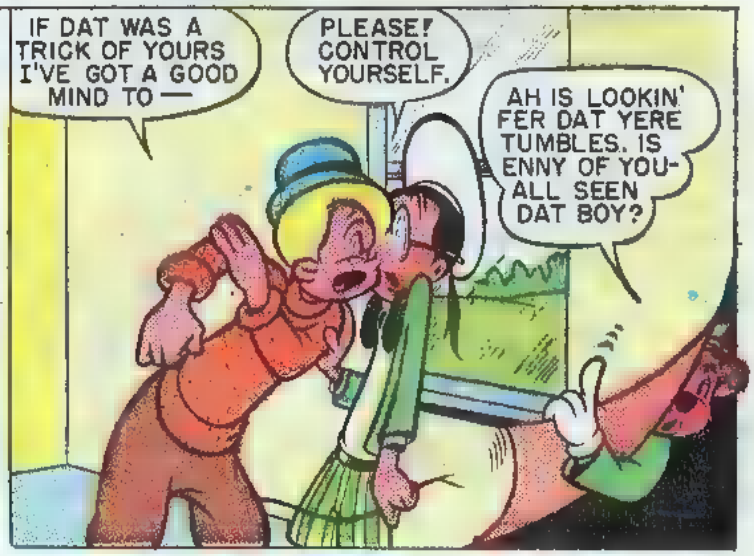
YEEOOWWWOW


ABBA-DOOBA-BABBA-WOWWW!
THERE! NOW THE JUICE IS ON FULL FORCE!

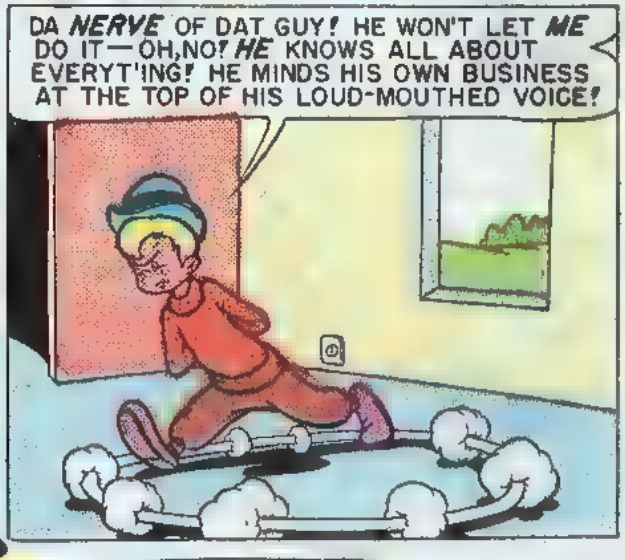

BE CAREFUL OF THAT WIRE! YOU'RE TWISTING IT!
SH-SHUT OFF THE ELEC—THE ELECTRICITY!

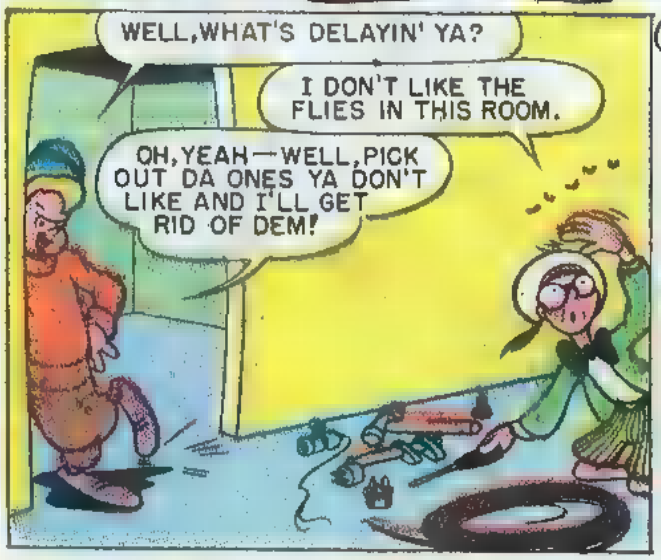

WHAT ELECTRICITY? THE HOUSE HASN'T BEEN CONNECTED TO THE COMPANY LINES, YET!


ON SECOND THOUGHT, I BETTER CHECK WITH THE HOME OFFICE. I'LL DISCONNECT THE WIRING—

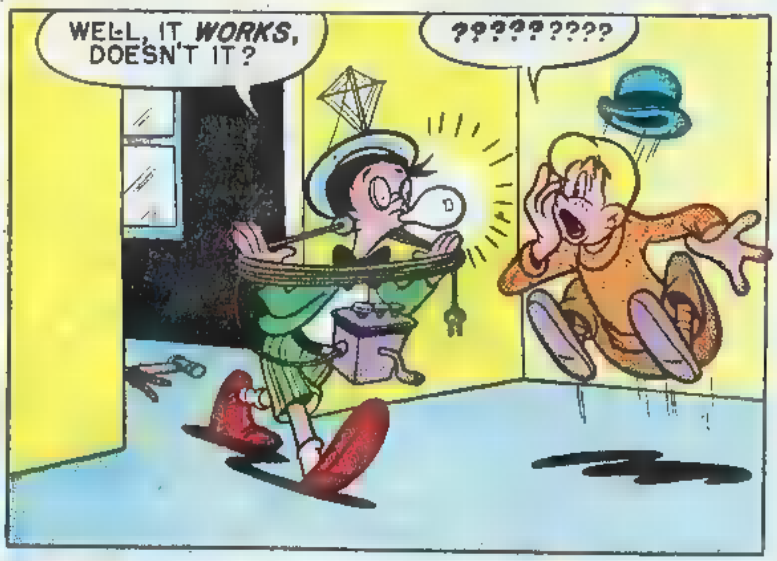

IF DAT WAS A TRICK OF YOURS I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO—
PLEASE! CONTROL YOURSELF.
AH IS LOOKIN' FER DAT YERE TUMBLES. IS ENNY OF YOU-ALL SEEN DAT BOY?

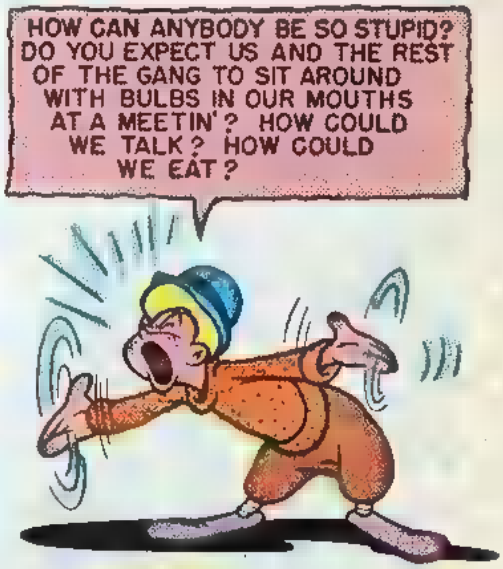
I'LL HAVE IT DONE IN A JIFFY, REALLY—JUST ONE OR TWO ADJUSTMENTS, AND IT'S FINISHED!
IT BETTER BE FINISHED— OR YOU'LL BE FINISHED! GET BUSY!

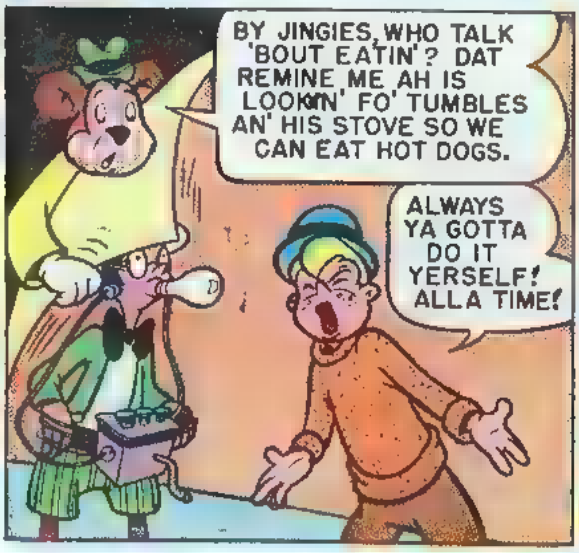

DA *NERVE* OF DAT GUY! HE WON'T LET *ME* DO IT—OH, NO! *HE* KNOWS ALL ABOUT EVERYT'ING! HE MINDS HIS OWN BUSINESS AT THE TOP OF HIS LOUD-MOUTHED VOICE!


WELL, WHAT'S DELAYIN' YA?
I DON'T LIKE THE FLIES IN THIS ROOM.
OH, YEAH—WELL, PICK OUT DA ONES YA DON'T LIKE AND I'LL GET RID OF DEM!

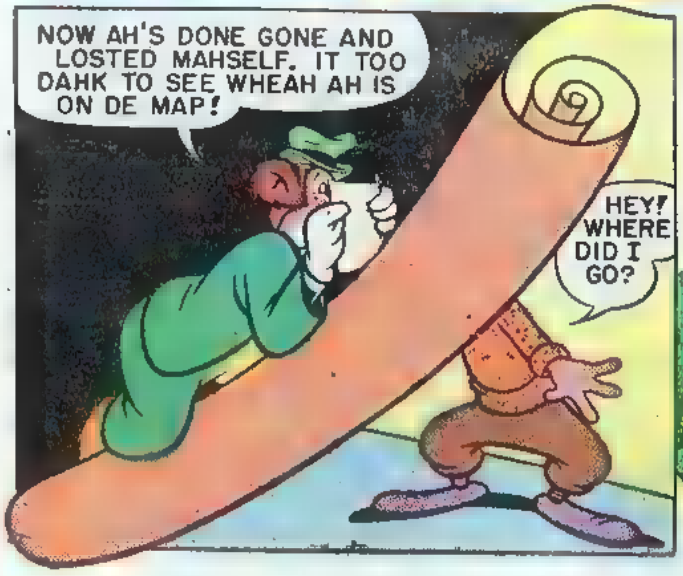
DAT GUY WASTES MORE TIME DAN...
I'M COMING— I'M COMING—

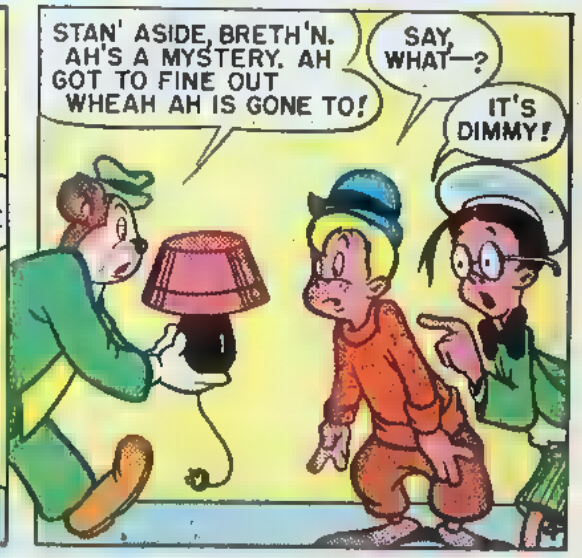

WEL-L, IT *WORKS*, DOESN'T IT?
?????????

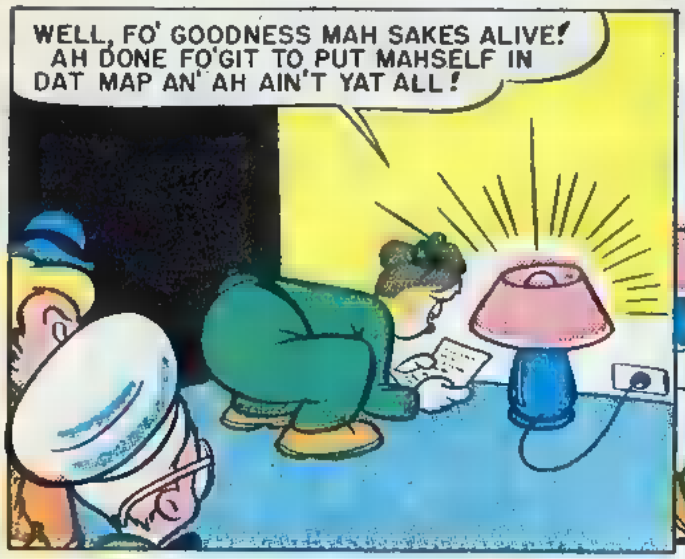

HOW CAN ANYBODY BE SO STUPID? DO YOU EXPECT US AND THE REST OF THE GANG TO SIT AROUND WITH BULBS IN OUR MOUTHS AT A MEETIN'? HOW COULD WE TALK? HOW COULD WE EAT?

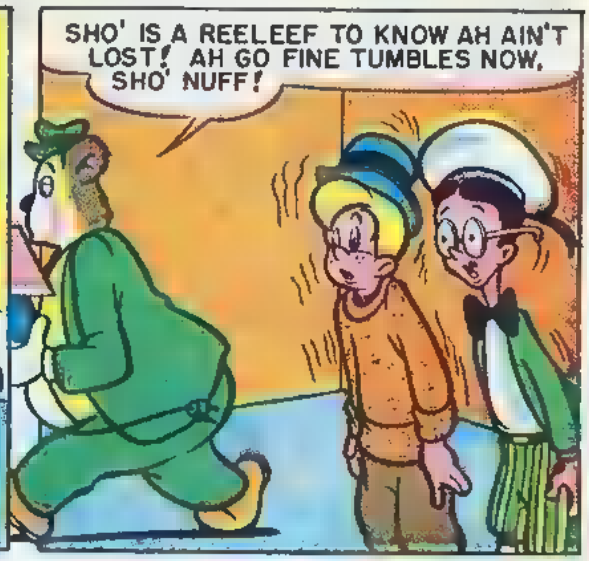

BY JINGIES, WHO TALK 'BOUT EATIN'? DAT REMINE ME AH IS LOOKIN' FO' TUMBLES AN' HIS STOVE SO WE CAN EAT HOT DOGS.
ALWAYS YA GOTTA DO IT YERSELF! ALLA TIME!

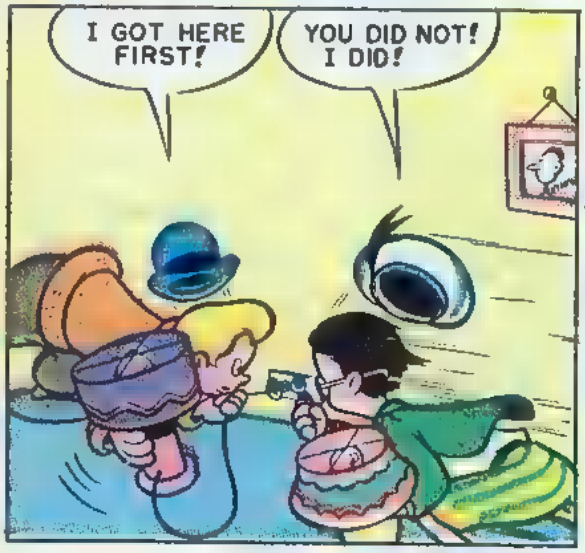
AH'S BETTER MAKE A MAP SO'S AH KNOWS WHERE-AT AH IS GOIN'.
HUH! NOW WHERE DID THAT NO GOOD LOAFER CLARENCE GO?

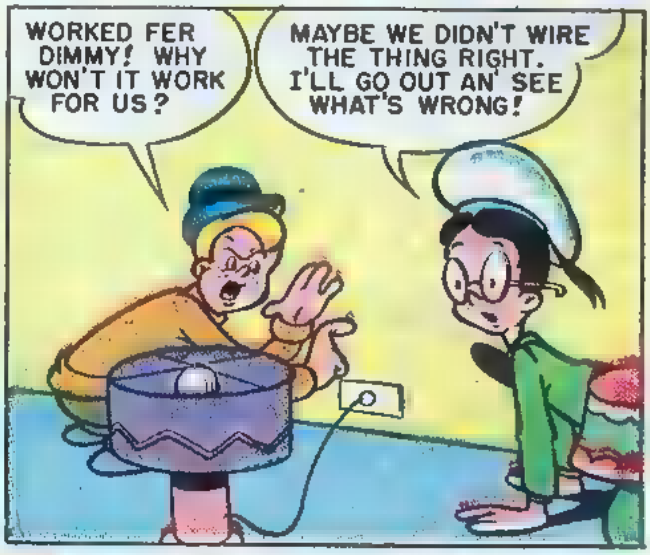

NOW AH'S DONE GONE AND LOSTED MAHSELF. IT TOO DAHK TO SEE WHEAH AH IS ON DE MAP!
HEY! WHERE DID I GO?

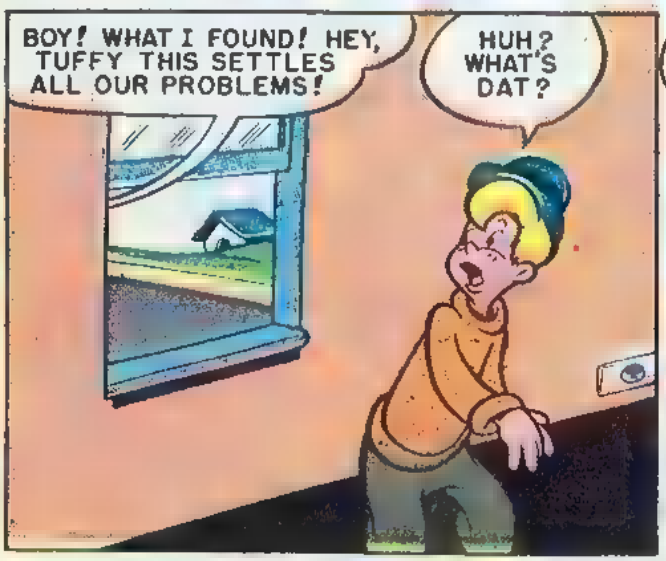

STAN' ASIDE, BRETH'N. AH'S A MYSTERY. AH GOT TO FINE OUT WHEAH AH IS GONE TO!
SAY, WHAT—?
IT'S DIMMY!

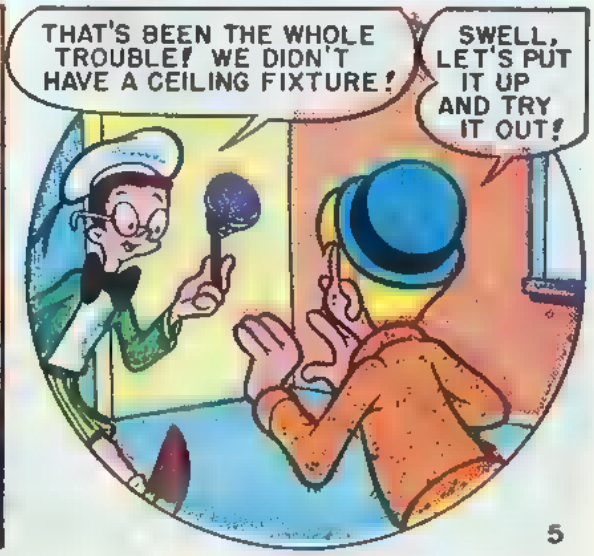

WELL, FO' GOODNESS MAH SAKES ALIVE! AH DONE FO'GIT TO PUT MAHSELF IN DAT MAP AN' AH AIN'T YAT ALL!

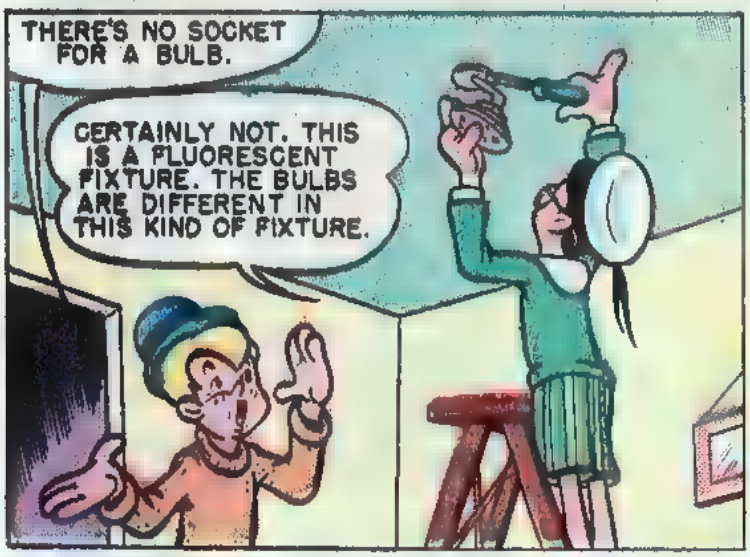

SHO' IS A REELEEF TO KNOW AH AIN'T LOST! AH GO FINE TUMBLES NOW, SHO' NUFF!


I GOT HERE FIRST!
YOU DID NOT! I DID!

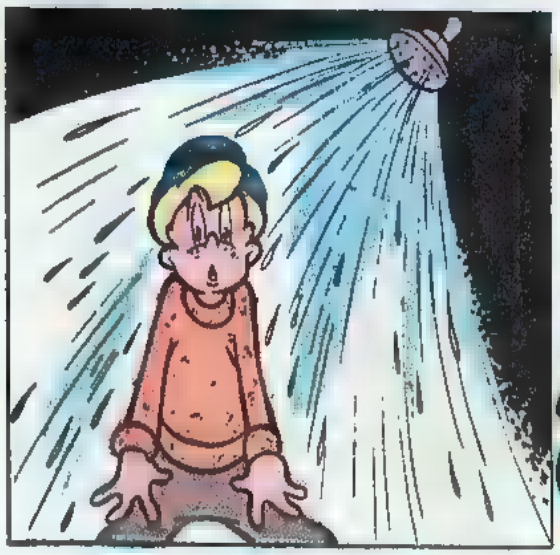

WORKED FER DIMMY! WHY WON'T IT WORK FOR US?
MAYBE WE DIDN'T WIRE THE THING RIGHT. I'LL GO OUT AN' SEE WHAT'S WRONG!

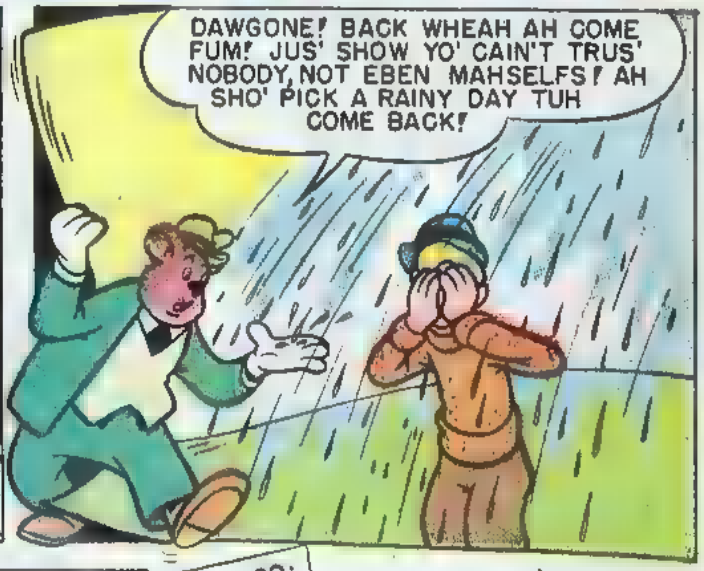

BOY! WHAT I FOUND! HEY, TUFFY THIS SETTLES ALL OUR PROBLEMS!
HUH? WHAT'S DAT?

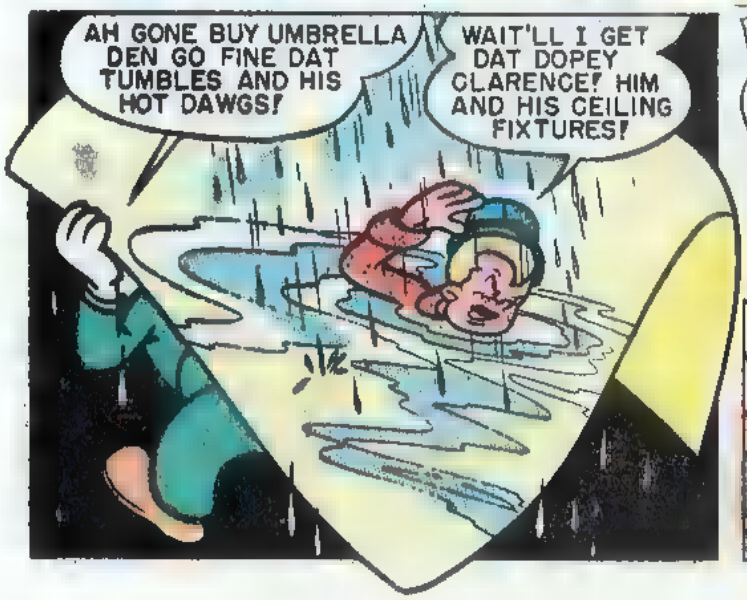

THAT'S BEEN THE WHOLE TROUBLE! WE DIDN'T HAVE A CEILING FIXTURE!
SWELL, LET'S PUT IT UP AND TRY IT OUT!


THERE'S NO SOCKET FOR A BULB.
CERTAINLY NOT. THIS IS A FLUORESCENT FIXTURE. THE BULBS ARE DIFFERENT IN THIS KIND OF FIXTURE.

READY? HERE COMES THE JUICE!
OFF
ON




DAWGONE! BACK WHEAH AH COME FUM! JUS' SHOW YO' CAIN'T TRUS' NOBODY, NOT EBEN MAHSELFS! AH SHO' PICK A RAINY DAY TUH COME BACK!


AH GONE BUY UMBRELLA DEN GO FINE DAT TUMBLES AND HIS HOT DAWGS!
WAIT'LL I GET DAT DOPEY CLARENCE! HIM AND HIS CEILING FIXTURES!

AND SO:
CLARENCE WAS RIGHT DE FIRST TIME—DIS SAVES DE CLUB DE PRICE OF A FLOOR LAMP!

KRIME AT THE KIT-KAT KLUB!

Crime stalks the Kit-Kat Klub! Once again, following his regular pattern, the mysterious jewel thief steals a diamond necklace — and once more he strikes in the midst of Peggy Allen's singing act. Is the "Duke", recognized by Ed Brent of the Globe as Fingers Foley, guilty of stealing the fabulous Morgan Diamond necklace? And if he is, then who murdered him? And why? Go on with this exciting story . . . .

ED BRENT gripped the doorknob until his knuckles were white with the strain. A muscle tightened in his jaw. The "Duke" lay face-down, a small letter-opener buried in his back up to the hilt!

Ed quickly knelt beside the body. The "Duke", in his fall, had upset a small writing-desk, and its contents had spilled over the floor. The dead man's hand clutched a blotter. The reporter slowly eased it from the stiffening fingers.

Ed Brent's eyes narrowed. On one side of the blotter was a Safety Campaign advertisement. It read, *"Stop, Look and Listen!"* But the first two words had been crossed out. Had the "Duke" left a clue to his murder? Had a dying man pointed his finger at the guilty party? With his last bit of remaining strength, the "Duke" had dipped his finger in the spilled ink and crossed out the first two words of the advertisement!

"Listen!" Ed thought to himself. "Listen!" Of course — the deaf dancer — Peggy Allen! Can the "Duke" have meant that she murdered him?"

He slipped the blotter into his pocket, and went across the room to the open window. This was Peggy Allen's dressing room, and at the time the "Duke" had been murdered two other people had been in the room. Peggy Allen and her boy friend, Martin Fletcher. And Fred Johnson, owner of the Kit-Kat Klub had been nearby. He could have slipped into the room and killed the "Duke" himself. By the time Ed Brent had entered the dressing room it was empty — and the window was open!

He turned from the window and knelt beside the body once again. Carefully he went through the "Duke's" pockets until he found what he was looking for — a ring of keys.

Next stop was Martin Fletcher's place. One of the keys fitted this lock, too. On a table against one wall, Ed saw an earphone. *Peggy Allen's!* She had been here! Ed picked it up curiously.

Suddenly, a smooth voice sounded at his shoulder. "Drop that!" It was Martin Fletcher. "I suggest that you follow my advice," Fletcher continued, "In the long run, I think you'll find it healthier!" He held a .38 automatic, and motioned with his free hand. Another man, short and wiry, emerged from a closet with coils of rope in his hands.

"You reporters sometimes talk too much!" Fletcher said, quietly.

"And what good do you think it's going to do you — tied up good and tight in one of the closets?" Fletcher asked, his tone still silky, yet menacing. "Tie him up good and tight, Johnny — so the gag will choke him in about ten minutes or so! We have an errand, Mister Wise Guy — to dispose of a few gems! Then, when we get back, you should be just about ready for us to dispose of you!"

MINUTES PASSED, as he fought to get air into his lungs. Suddenly he heard the door open. Had ten minutes passed already? His mind was dull, and the objects in the closet seemed to swim before his eyes. Painfully he raised himself to his knees, and peered through the closet keyhole. It was the deaf dancer, Peggy Allen! Wtih her was a burly, wide-shouldered man — "Brick", the bouncer of the Kit Kat Klub!

The man set a bag on the table, next to the dancer's earphone. He pulled tools out of the bag and lost no time in getting to work on a wall safe, which was hidden behind a painting.

"Make it snappy!" Peggy said. "They'll be back any minute!"

Ed strained his eyes to the keyhole. The safe was open now. "Brick" crammed his tools back into the bag. Peggy pressed something green into his big palm.

"If you need anything else, anytime — " brick began.

"That's all for now!" she snapped, and the man left the apartment. Peggy Allen searched through the safe feverishly. Papers were scattered in a pile on the floor. Peggy pulled out a thick roll of bills and added them to the pile. Then she found a large checkbook, and tucked it under her arm. She tossed the papers and bills back into the safe and slammed the door shut. She turned toward the table — just in time to see the entrance doorknob turn slowly! Clutching the checkbook she hurried toward the closet — where Ed Brent was tied up!

Peggy Allen dashed into the closet and closed the door behind her, before she saw Ed. She cut short a cry. Ed pointed to the cloth which was choking him. Her nimble fingers went to work, and in a few seconds he was able to breathe once again. And then, outside, they heard footsteps! "Somebody cracked the safe!" came Martin Fletcher's startled voice. "Watch it, Johnny — whoever broke in here may be hiding someplace!"

Peggy had freed Ed Brent's hands by this time. One more second and his feet would be unbound, too!

Just as the ropes slipped away from his ankles, the door of the closet swung open. Ed's leg flashed out and knocked the gun from Martin Fletcher's hand. Ed followed Fletcher's reeling body and swung at him with a mallet-like fist. Fletcher tumbled to the floor, clutching his stomach.

Johnny's eyes were wild with terror. His gun shook as he pointed it at Ed. Brent gathered up the fallen Fletcher in his arms and tossed him like a basketball. His body crashed into Johnny just as a bullet creased the wall behind Ed's back.

Peggy Allen got a pitcher of water and spilled over the two groogy crooks. They blinked and spluttered and slowly sat up. Ed Brent stood over them, Martin Fletcher's gun in his hand.

"I think the whole thing's pretty clear now," Ed said. "I've got to admit that at first I thought Miss Allen was working with you two. I apologize to her for *that*. And now Fletcher I think you might as well start telling your little story!"

"Okay," Fletcher began, his eyes flashing hate, "*I* staged those robberies at the Kit-Kat Klub. Johnny here did the actual finger work. Then he brought the stuff to me and I hid ■ in Peggy's earphone. She used to leave ■ in her dressing room while she was on — stage. No one ever thought of looking *there!*"

"So *that's* what the "Duke" meant by *LISTEN!* He must have found the jewels hidden in the earphone!"

"The *Duke* caught on to our little set-up and tried to blackmail us. I had to pay him off. Then he got drunk and shot off his mouth — in front of Peggy. She discovered we were using her earphone to hide the stolen stuff — removing it later in the evening when I came to take her home. I had to kill the *Duke* — and I would have killed Peggy, too, but she got away when I tried it. She must have come here to get the checkstubs to prove I was paying off the *Duke!*" Fletcher turned to Peggy and snarled, "You little — "

"Take it easy, Fletcher!" Brent said. "You can tell the rest to the Police! Call them Peggy — and then get me the City Editor of the *Globe!* I've got a little story for *him!*"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of DANDY COMICS published Bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947

State of New York, County of New York: ss

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frank D. Lee, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business manager of DANDY COMICS and that the following is, ■ the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above captions, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher L. C. Pub. Co. Inc. 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, ■. Y.; Editor, Ivan Klapper, 225 Lafayete St., New York 12, ■ Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Estate of M. C. Gaines, dec'd, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

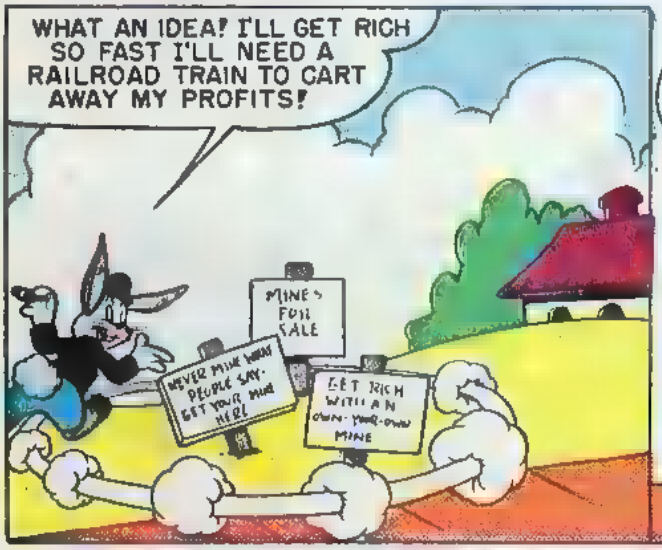
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

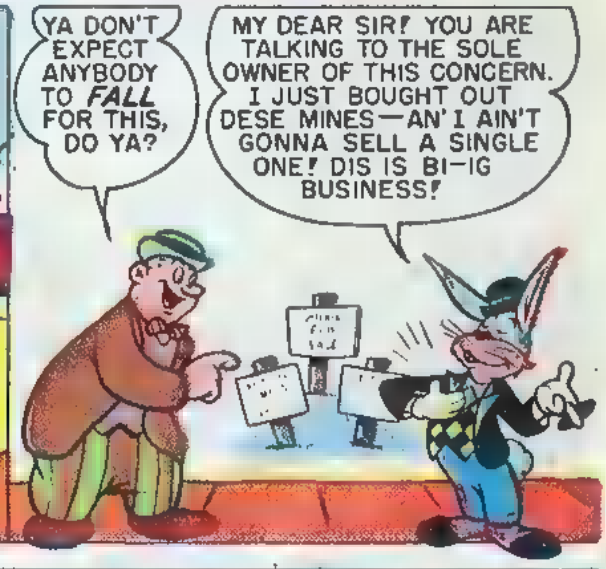
(Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager.

Sworn ■ and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1947.

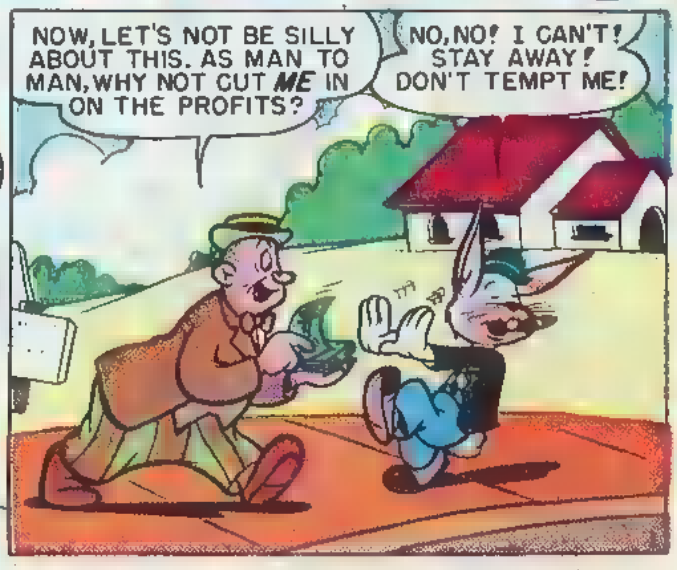
(SEAL) William E. Fernie, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1948.)

DANDY
Gets The GOLD
MINES FOR SALE
NEVER MINE WHAT PEOPLE SAY— GET YOUR MINE HERE
GET RICH WITH AN OWN-YOUR-OWN MINE

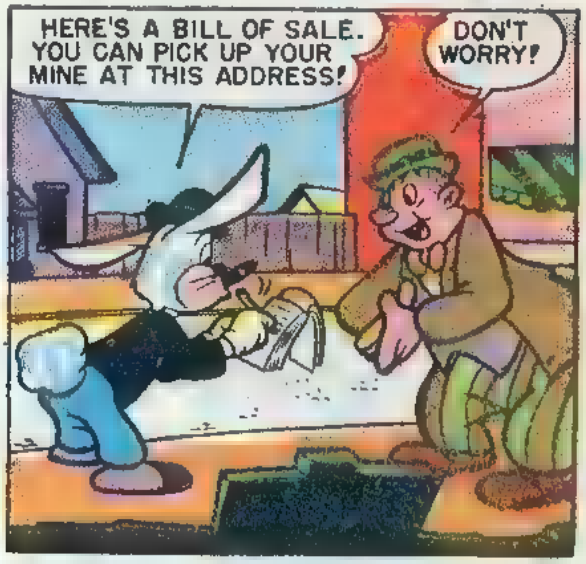

WHAT AN IDEA! I'LL GET RICH SO FAST I'LL NEED A RAILROAD TRAIN TO CART AWAY MY PROFITS!
MINES FOR SALE
NEVER MINE WHAT PEOPLE SAY- GET YOUR MINE HERE
GET RICH WITH AN OWN-YOUR-OWN MINE

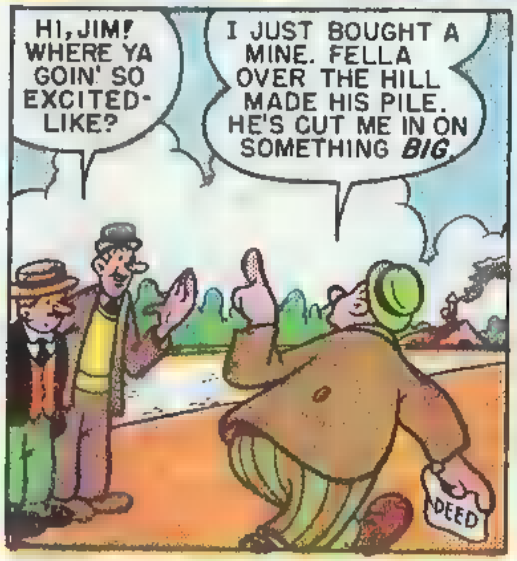

YA DON'T EXPECT ANYBODY TO *FALL* FOR THIS, DO YA?
MY DEAR SIR! YOU ARE TALKING TO THE SOLE OWNER OF THIS CONCERN. I JUST BOUGHT OUT DESE MINES—AN' I AIN'T GONNA SELL A SINGLE ONE! DIS IS BI—IG BUSINESS!

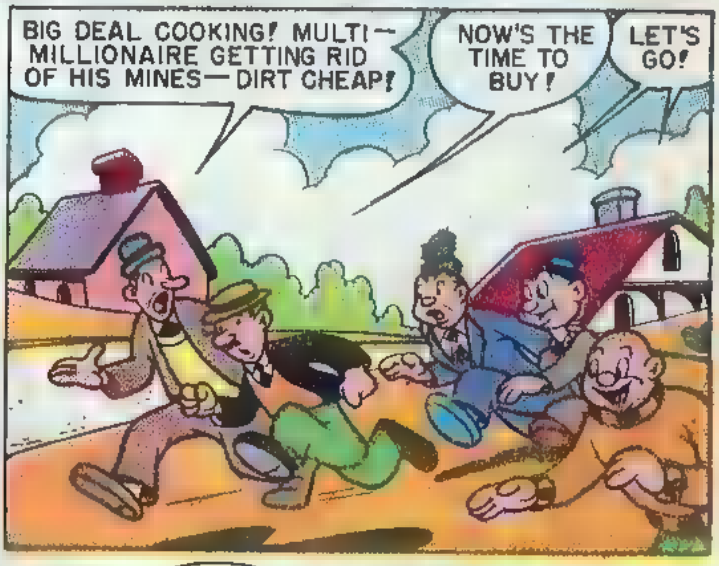
YA MEAN THERE REALLY *IS* SOMETHING IN THIS MINE PROPOSITION?
IS THERE?! DON'T PEOPLE STILL GET *GOLD* TEETH MADE? AIN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF *SILVER* FOXES? BROTHER, THERE'S A FORTUNE IN THIS FOR ME!

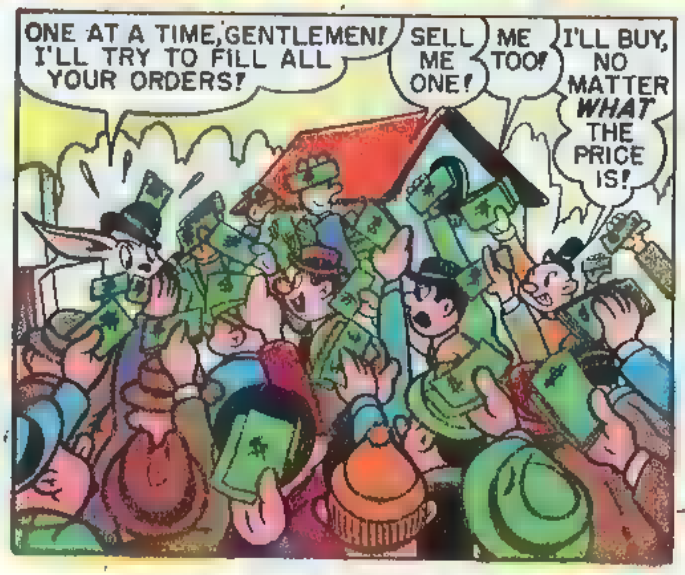

NOW, LET'S NOT BE SILLY ABOUT THIS. AS MAN TO MAN, WHY NOT CUT *ME* IN ON THE PROFITS?
NO, NO! I CAN'T! STAY AWAY! DON'T TEMPT ME!

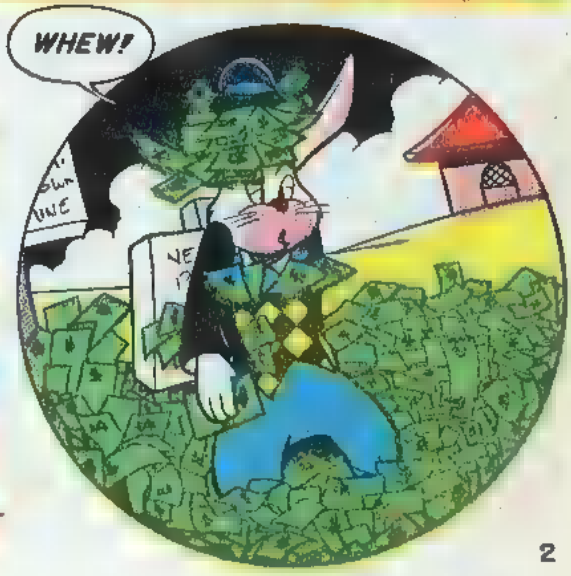
BUT...
SAY NO MORE! YOU *TALKED* ME INTO A SALE! I'LL GIVE UP ONE OF MY MINES TO YOU!

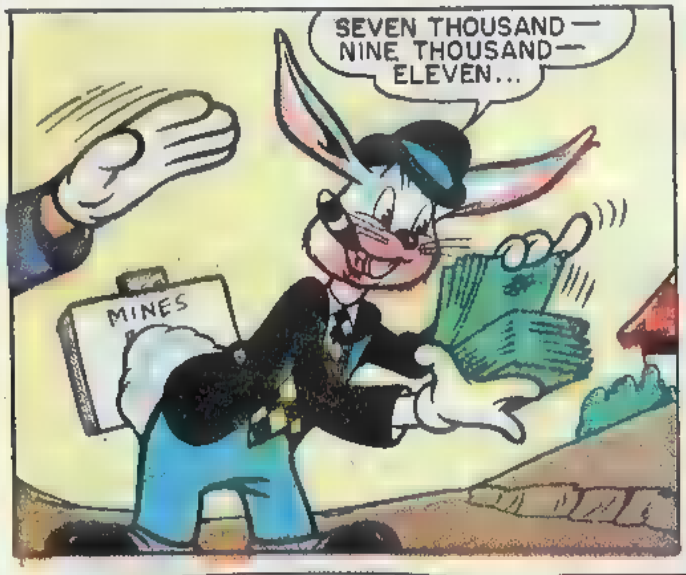

HERE'S A BILL OF SALE. YOU CAN PICK UP YOUR MINE AT THIS ADDRESS!
DON'T WORRY!

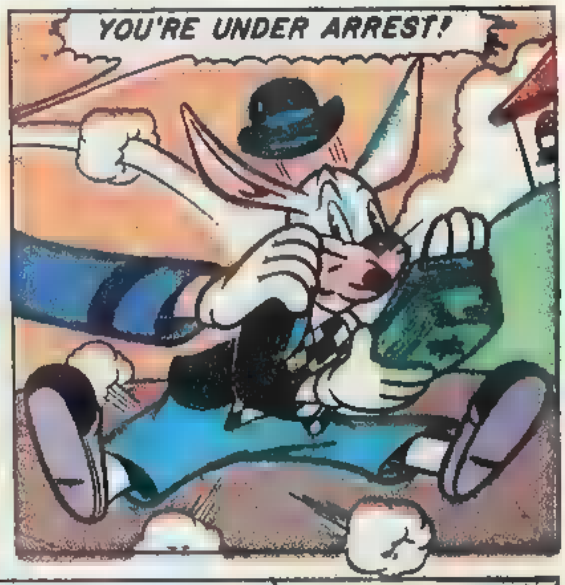

HI, JIM! WHERE YA GOIN' SO EXCITED-LIKE?
I JUST BOUGHT A MINE. FELLA OVER THE HILL MADE HIS PILE. HE'S CUT ME IN ON SOMETHING *BIG*.
DEED

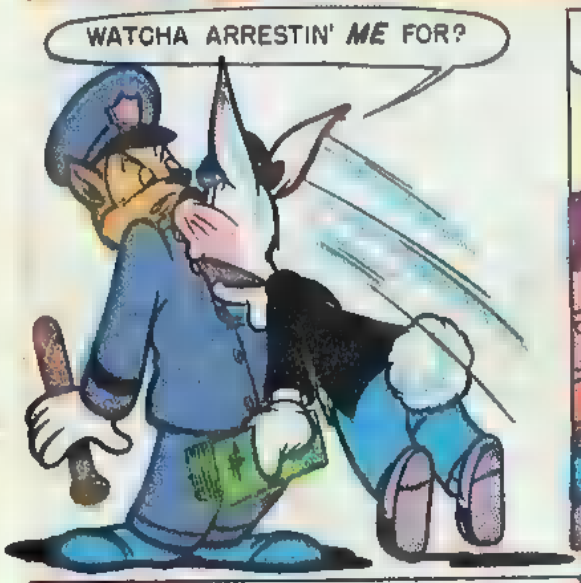

BIG DEAL COOKING! MULTI-MILLIONAIRE GETTING RID OF HIS MINES—DIRT CHEAP!
NOW'S THE TIME TO BUY!
LET'S GO!


ONE AT A TIME, GENTLEMEN! I'LL TRY TO FILL ALL YOUR ORDERS!
SELL ME ONE!
ME TOO!
I'LL BUY, NO MATTER *WHAT* THE PRICE IS!

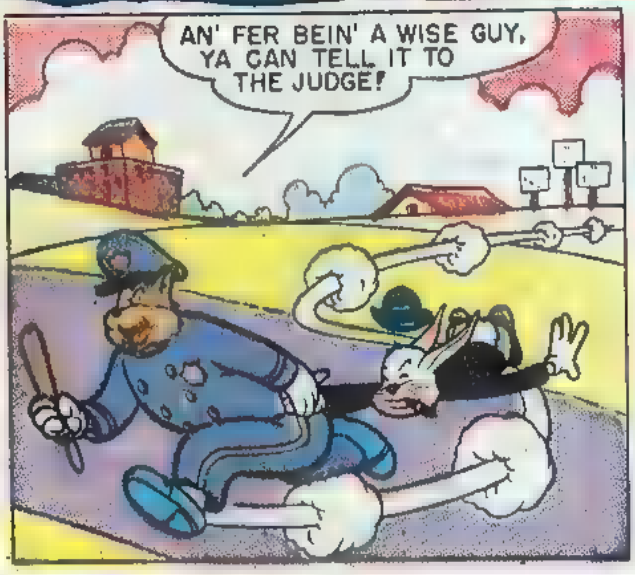

WHEW!

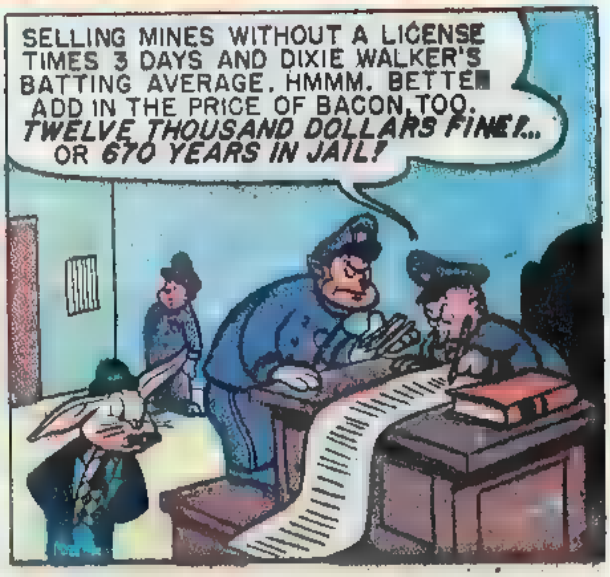

SEVEN THOUSAND— NINE THOUSAND— ELEVEN...
MINES

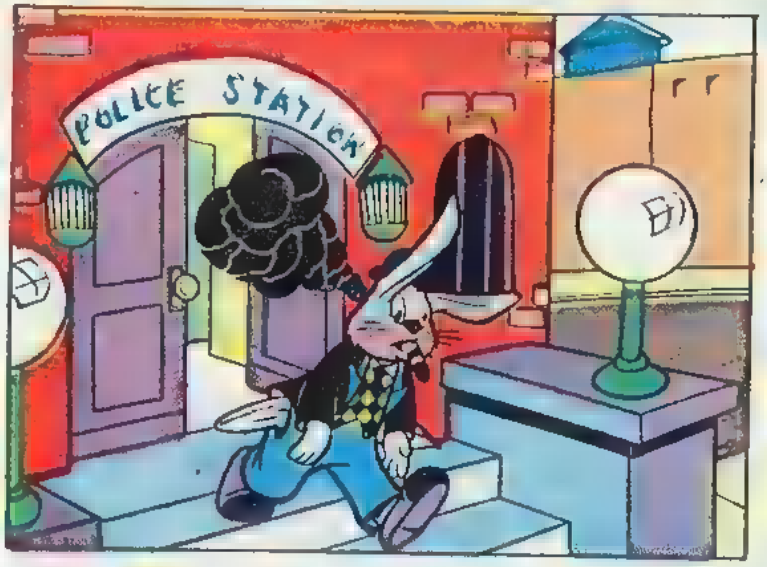

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

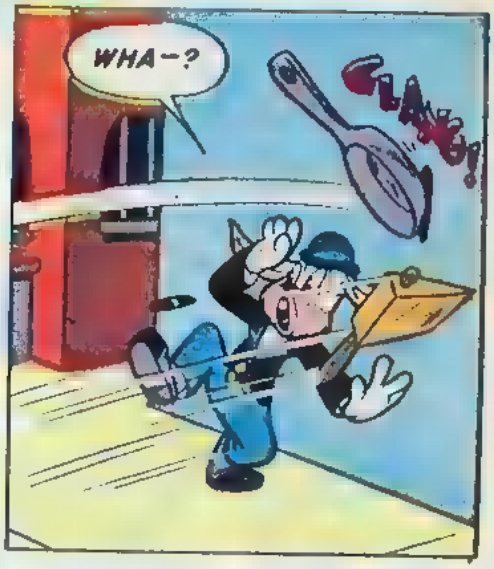

WATCHA ARRESTIN' ME FOR?

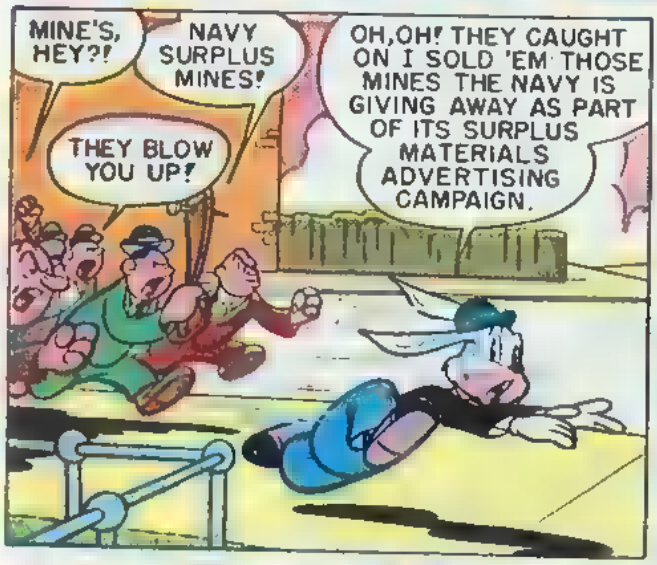
FER SELLIN' MINES WITHOUT A LICENSE, THAT'S WHY!

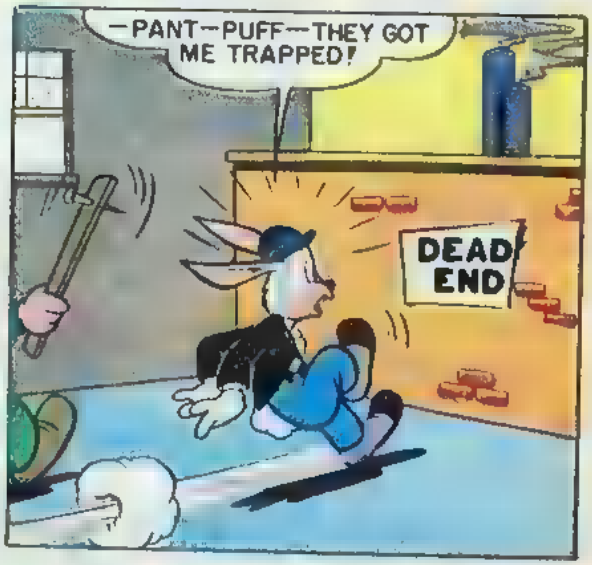

AN' FER BEIN' A WISE GUY, YA CAN TELL IT TO THE JUDGE!

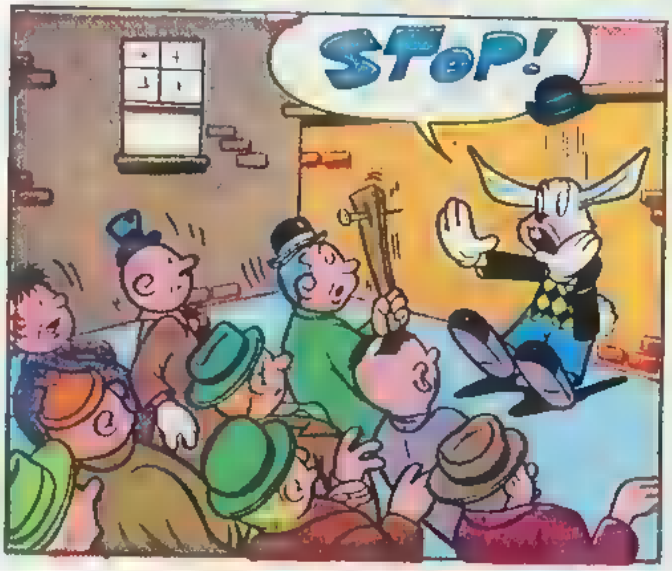

SELLING MINES WITHOUT A LICENSE TIMES 3 DAYS AND DIXIE WALKER'S BATTING AVERAGE. HMMM. BETTER ADD IN THE PRICE OF BACON, TOO. TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FINE!... OR 670 YEARS IN JAIL!

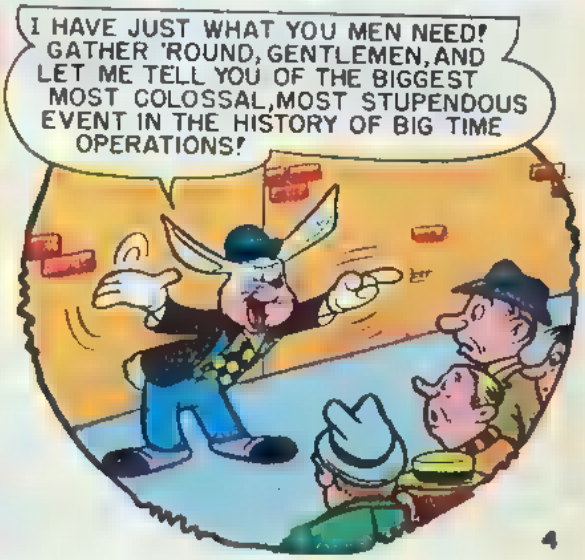

POLICE STATION

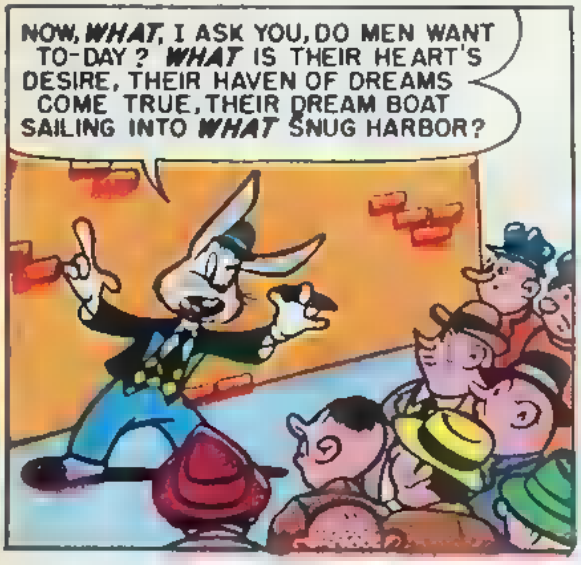

WHA—?
CLANG!

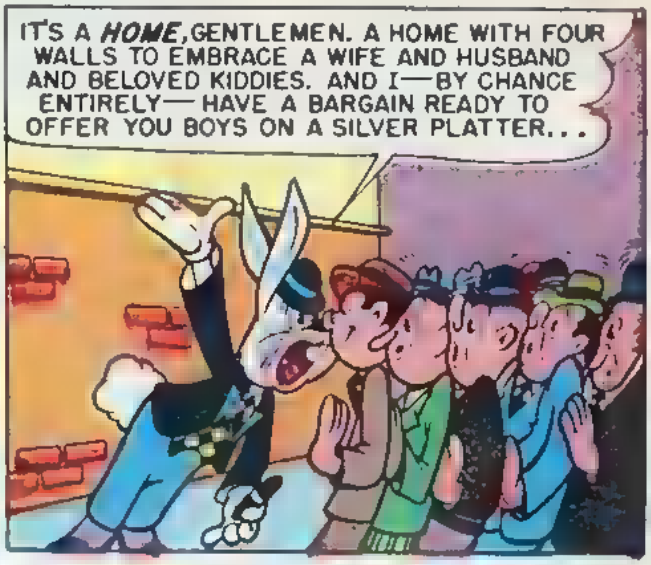

MINE'S, HEY?!
NAVY SURPLUS MINES!
THEY BLOW YOU UP!
OH, OH! THEY CAUGHT ON I SOLD 'EM THOSE MINES THE NAVY IS GIVING AWAY AS PART OF ITS SURPLUS MATERIALS ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN.

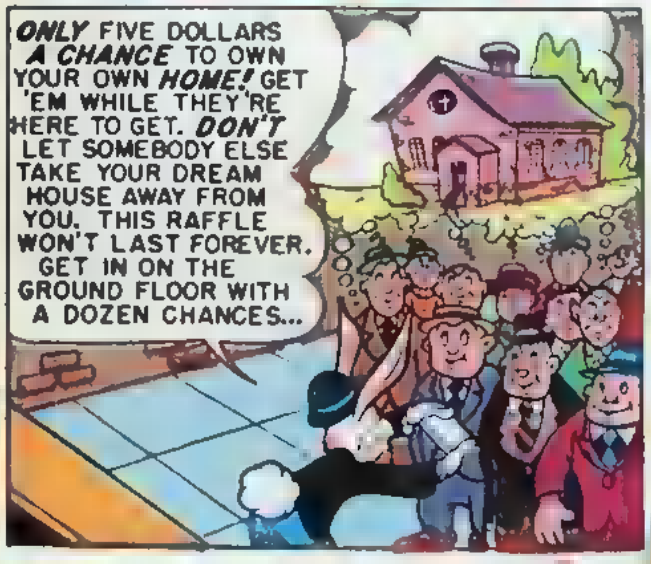

—PANT—PUFF—THEY GOT ME TRAPPED!
DEAD END


STOP!

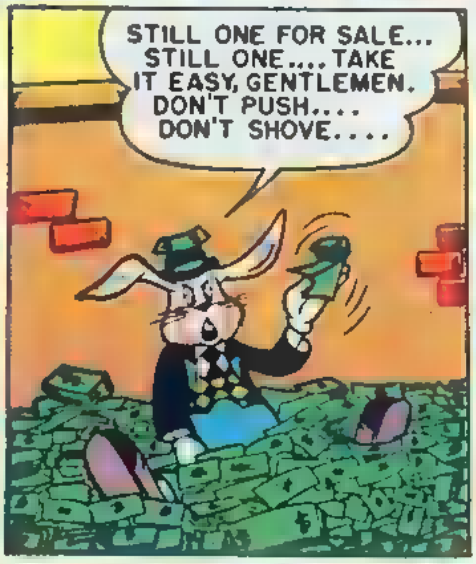

I HAVE JUST WHAT YOU MEN NEED! GATHER 'ROUND, GENTLEMEN, AND LET ME TELL YOU OF THE BIGGEST MOST COLOSSAL, MOST STUPENDOUS EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF BIG TIME OPERATIONS!

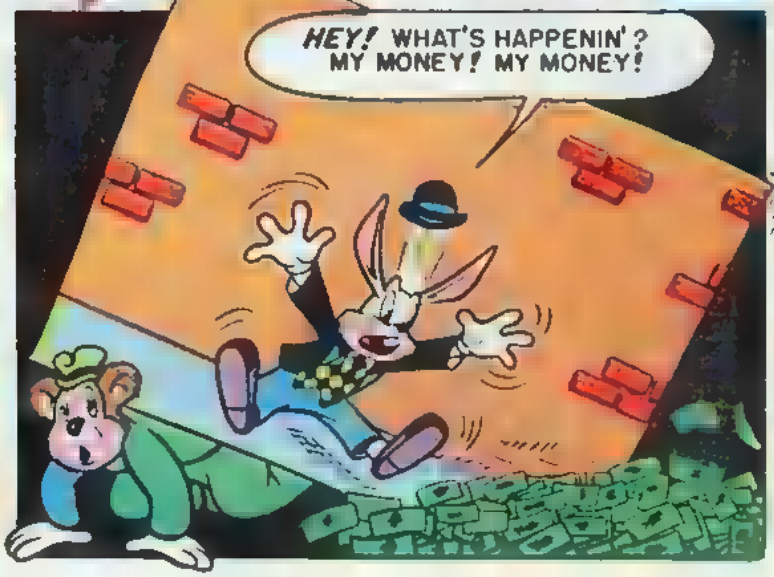

NOW, *WHAT*, I ASK YOU, DO MEN WANT TO-DAY? *WHAT* IS THEIR HEART'S DESIRE, THEIR HAVEN OF DREAMS COME TRUE, THEIR DREAM BOAT SAILING INTO *WHAT* SNUG HARBOR?

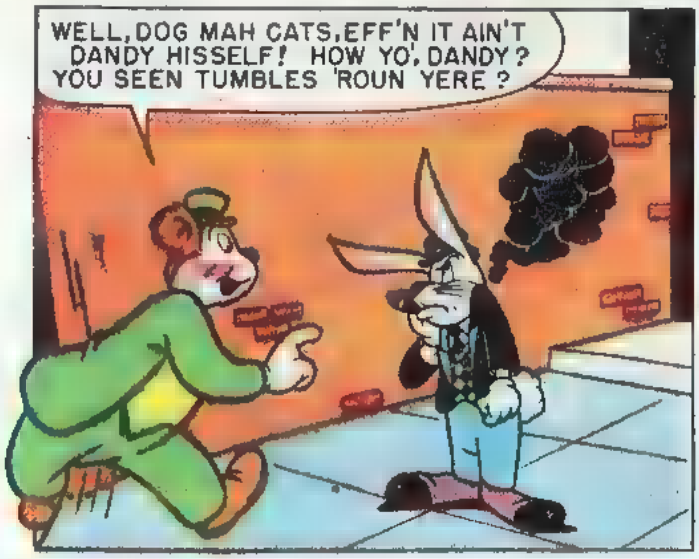

IT'S A *HOME*, GENTLEMEN. A HOME WITH FOUR WALLS TO EMBRACE A WIFE AND HUSBAND AND BELOVED KIDDIES. AND I—BY CHANCE ENTIRELY—HAVE A BARGAIN READY TO OFFER YOU BOYS ON A SILVER PLATTER...

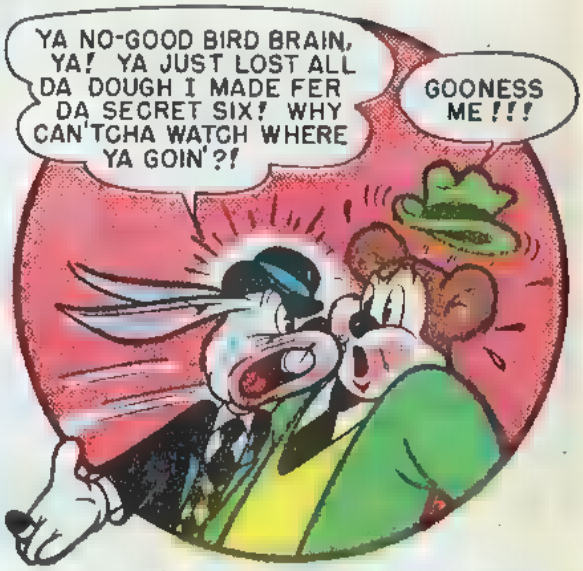

ONLY FIVE DOLLARS *A CHANCE* TO OWN YOUR OWN *HOME!* GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HERE TO GET. *DON'T* LET SOMEBODY ELSE TAKE YOUR DREAM HOUSE AWAY FROM YOU. THIS RAFFLE WON'T LAST FOREVER. GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR WITH A DOZEN CHANCES...

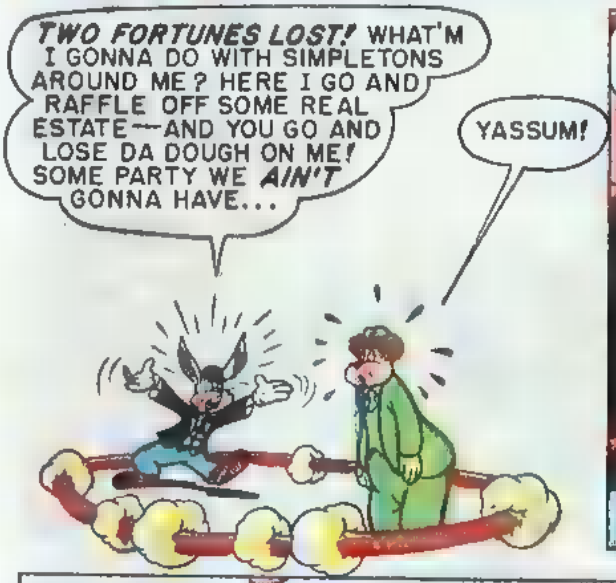
TEN!
TWENTY!
GIVE ME FIFTY!

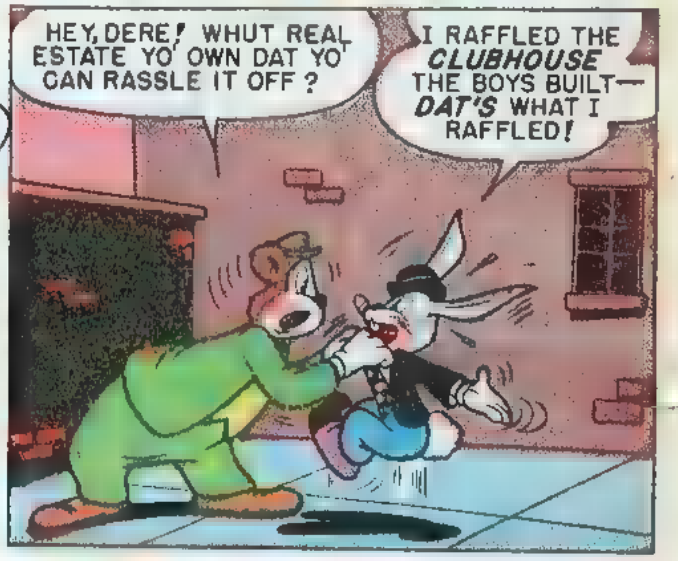

STILL ONE FOR SALE... STILL ONE.... TAKE IT EASY, GENTLEMEN. DON'T PUSH.... DON'T SHOVE....

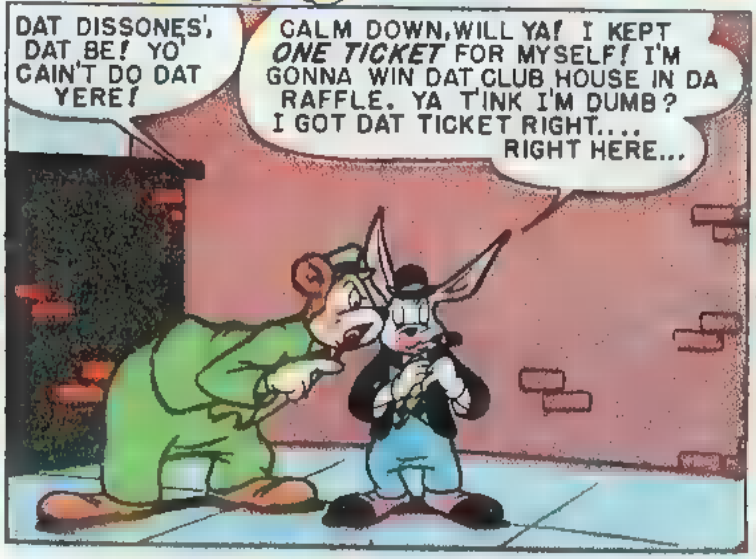

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENIN'? MY MONEY! MY MONEY!

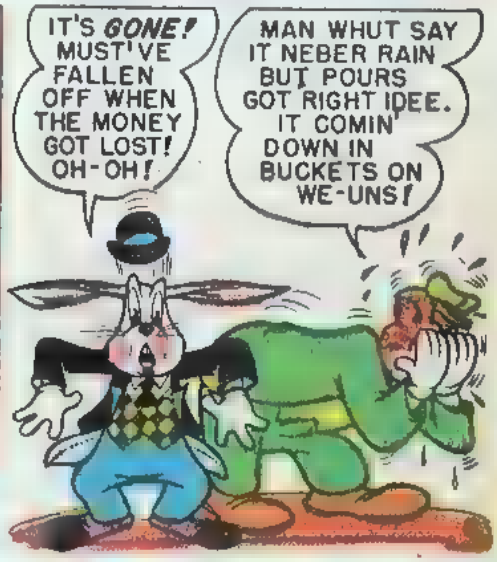

WELL, DOG MAH CATS, EFF'N IT AIN'T DANDY HISSELF! HOW YO', DANDY? YOU SEEN TUMBLES 'ROUN YERE?

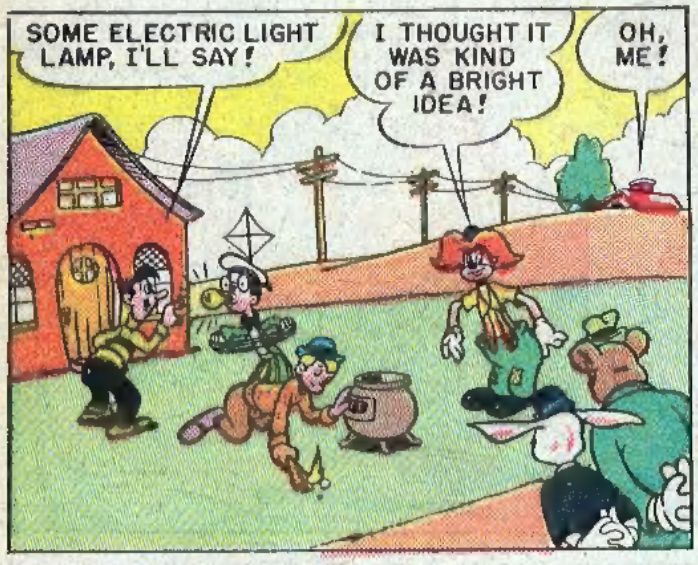

YA NO-GOOD BIRD BRAIN, YA! YA JUST LOST ALL DA DOUGH I MADE FER DA SECRET SIX! WHY CAN'TCHA WATCH WHERE YA GOIN'?!
GOONESS ME!!!

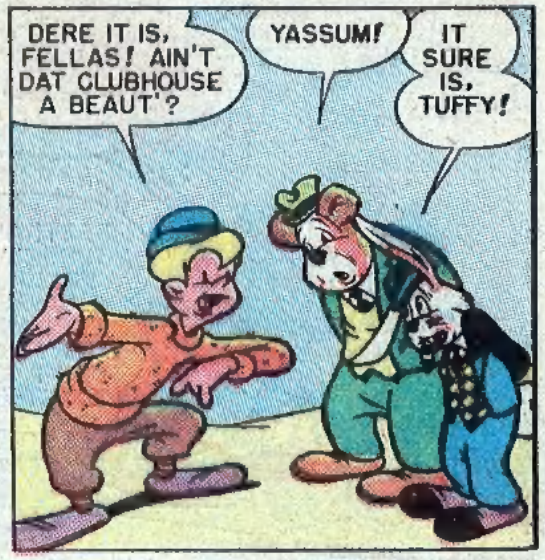

TWO FORTUNES LOST! WHAT'M I GONNA DO WITH SIMPLETONS AROUND ME? HERE I GO AND RAFFLE OFF SOME REAL ESTATE—AND YOU GO AND LOSE DA DOUGH ON ME! SOME PARTY WE AIN'T GONNA HAVE...
YASSUM!


HEY, DERE! WHUT REAL ESTATE YO' OWN DAT YO' CAN RASSLE IT OFF?
I RAFFLED THE CLUBHOUSE THE BOYS BUILT— DAT'S WHAT I RAFFLED!


DAT DISSONES', DAT BE! YO' CAIN'T DO DAT YERE!
CALM DOWN, WILL YA! I KEPT ONE TICKET FOR MYSELF! I'M GONNA WIN DAT CLUB HOUSE IN DA RAFFLE. YA T'INK I'M DUMB? I GOT DAT TICKET RIGHT.... RIGHT HERE...

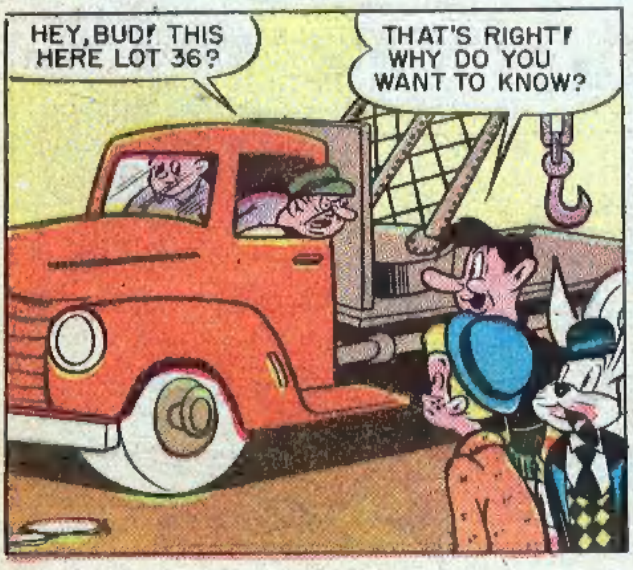

IT'S GONE! MUST'VE FALLEN OFF WHEN THE MONEY GOT LOST! OH-OH!
MAN WHUT SAY IT NEBER RAIN BUT POURS GOT RIGHT IDEE. IT COMIN' DOWN IN BUCKETS ON WE-UNS!

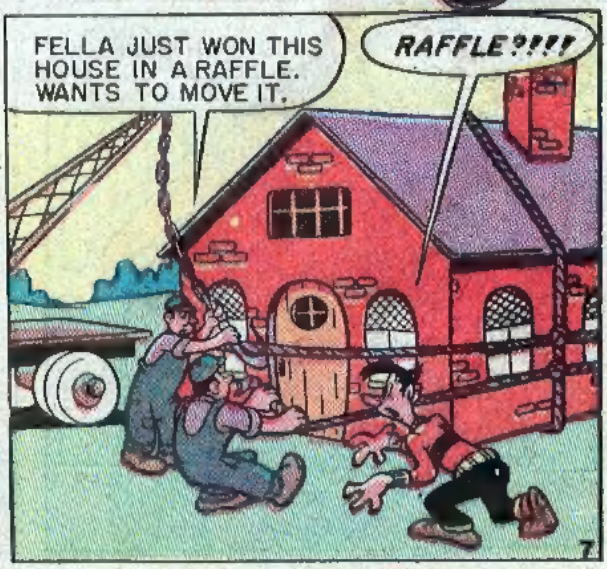

SOME ELECTRIC LIGHT LAMP, I'LL SAY!
I THOUGHT IT WAS KIND OF A BRIGHT IDEA!
OH, ME!


DERE IT IS, FELLAS! AIN'T DAT CLUBHOUSE A BEAUT'?
YASSUM!
IT SURE IS, TUFFY!

LU-LUCKY DAT YERE MONEY DINT GIT LIGHTED. AH-AH! BETTER HOT FOOTS IT TO FI-FIFI BE-BEFORE IT TOO LA-LATE!
WELL? WHAT'SA MATTER, YOU GUYS?!

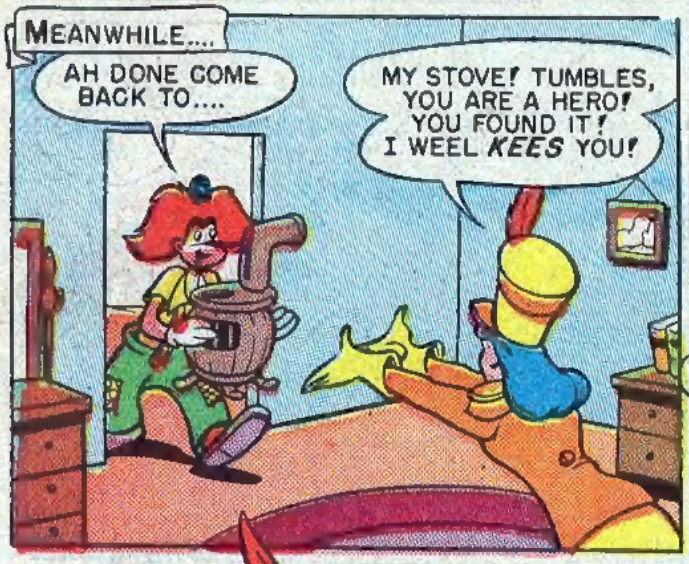
NOTHING AT ALL, TUFFY! WHY, WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE WRONG?
IT POURIN' KITTIES YAN PUPPY DOGGIES NOW!
NO-NOBODY WILL MI-MISS ME!


HEY, BUD! THIS HERE LOT 36?
THAT'S RIGHT! WHY DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?


FELLA JUST WON THIS HOUSE IN A RAFFLE. WANTS TO MOVE IT.
RAFFLE?!!!

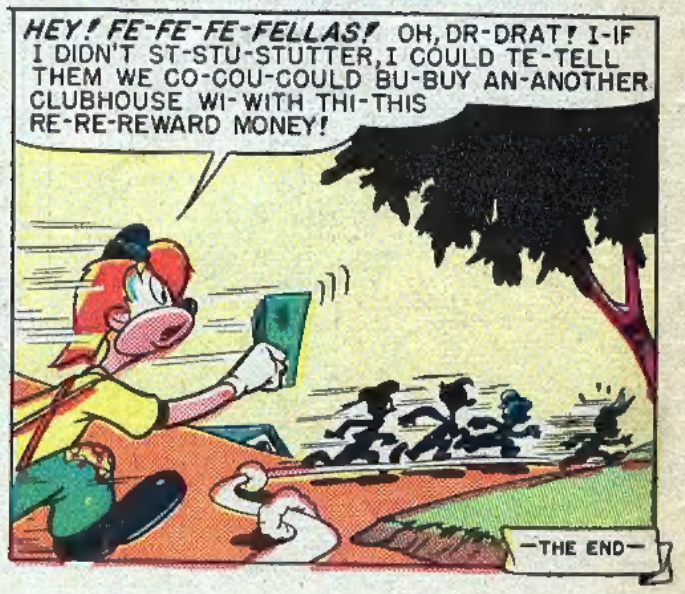
DISH YERE BOY DONE RASSLE IT OFF TO MAKE SOME MONEY FOR A PARTY!
WHAAT!
RESTRAIN YOURSELVES, FELLAS! I CAN'T EXPLAIN EVERYTHING! DON'T GET EXCITED!

GOTTA THINK FAST TO GET OUTTA THIS ONE!
WE'LL MOIDER DA BUM!
HE'D LOOK GOOD IN BANDAGES!
SUCH UNADULTERATED NERVE!


MEANWHILE....
AH DONE COME BACK TO....
MY STOVE! TUMBLES, YOU ARE A HERO! YOU FOUND IT! I WEEL KEES YOU!

SMACK!
MMMMM!!!

AN' 'ERE EES THE REWARD MONEY!


HEY! FE-FE-FE-FELLAS! OH, DR-DRAT! I-IF I DIDN'T ST-STU-STUTTER, I COULD TE-TELL THEM WE CO-COU-COULD BU-BUY AN-ANOTHER CLUBHOUSE WI-WITH THI-THIS RE-RE-REWARD MONEY!
—THE END—

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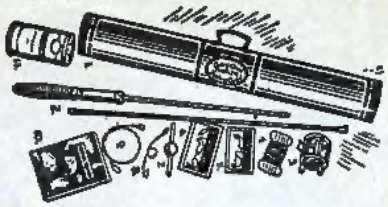

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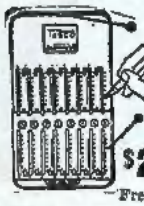

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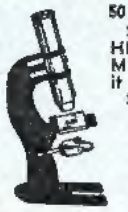

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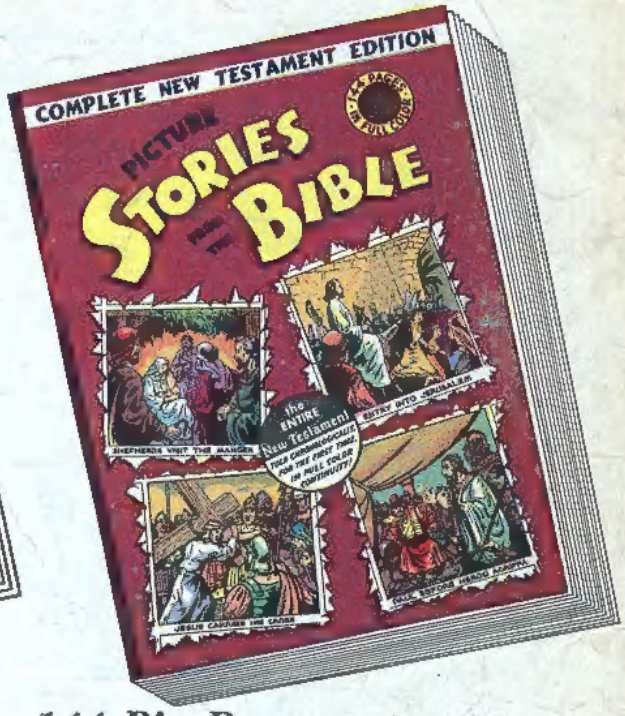

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